SPECIAL 40TH ANNIVERSARY COLLECTOR'S EDITION

HUSTLER®

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

COVERHONEY
SCARLET RED

40th ANNIVERSARY

ANNIVERSARY 2014 $13.99 CAN

83

0 74470 01668 7

HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

WARNING: Material is of an adult nature. This literature is not intended for minors, and under no circumstances are they to view it, possess it or place orders for merchandise offered herein.

ANNIVERSARY 2014
Volume 41 Number 3
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

HUSTLER®

CONTENTS

SPECIAL 40TH ANNIVERSARY COLLECTOR'S EDITION

14 ERECTING AN ICON
A stimulating timeline covering 40 years of sex and defiance, featuring rare photos, raunchy insider accounts and classic pink.

30 LARRY SHOCK
An insider's unvarnished look at the turbulent rise of a national living legend and his notorious brainchild. Article by Bruce David.

80 SLEAZE & LEGALESE
L.A.'s dopest attorney delivers a heartfelt ode to Larry Flynt's legal odyssey and what it means to workaday defenders. Article by Allison Margolin and J. Raza Lawrence.

84 WHY I DID IT
The ballsy activist who disrupted the Supreme Court in the name of democracy—and was promptly dragged out—tells us his story. Report by Noah "Kai" Newkirk.

88 NEVERENDING PANTY RAID
Our eager Beaver Hunter offers a ribald tale on turning the dirty obsessions of youth into a lifelong career. Confessional by Morgen "Tex" Hagen.

100 WHITE TRASH WHORE
One of porn's filthiest ex-stars recounts the time HUSTLER outed her assfuck activities to her Bible-thumping family. Self-exposé by Oriana Small aka Ashley Blue.

4 MILLION-DOLLAR MUFF
7 PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT
9 ROBERT SCHEER
11 NAT HENTOFF
13 ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH
18 FEEDBACK
72 HUSTLER HUMOR
94 BEAVER HUNT

20 SCARLET RED
Free 'n' Easy
Photography by Digital Desire

38 NICI
Glory
Photography by Matti Klatt

48 BELLE KNOX
Duke University's Porn Starlet
Photography by Wilferd Guenthoer
Interview by Dan Kapelovitz

58 JESSIE ANDREWS
Timeless
Photography by Chase Diamond

102 XXXTREME SATISFACTION
A Stroker's History of Hardcore
Photography Courtesy HUSTLER Video

130 ARIA GIOVANNI
Bombshell Discovery
Classic Photography by Various

Chat With
REAL GIRLS
NOW in your area
Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?
HUSTLER
PERSONALS
WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU
You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.
Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW
PEAK INSIDE

HUSTLER

REAL **HOT**

LIVE GIRLS!

READY

FOR WHATEVER YOU WANT

ON THE BEST ONLINE CHAT

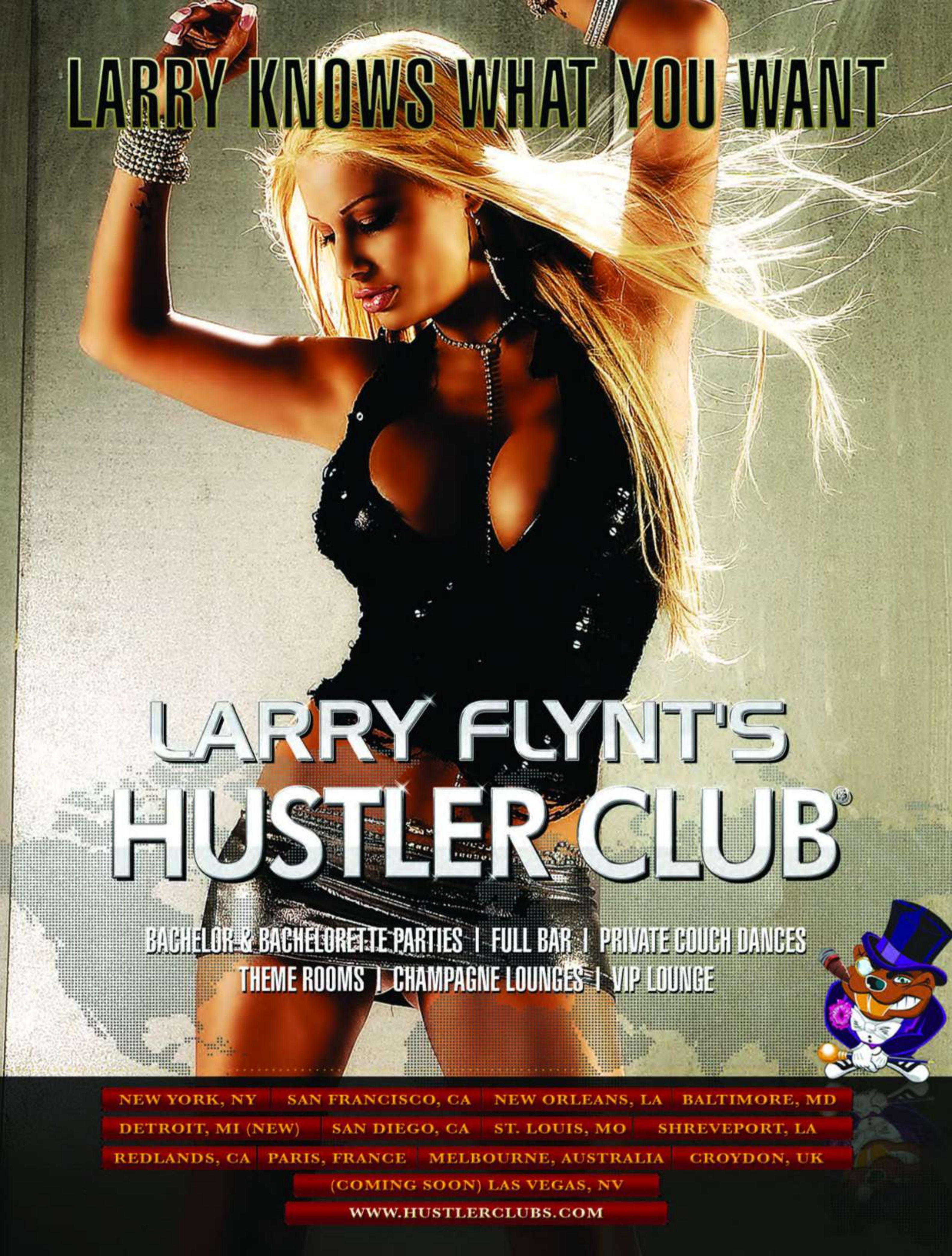
THEY'RE WAITING INSIDE NOW!

Start a Chat RIGHT NOW

We've collected 1000's of beautiful girls who are waiting show you a good time!

Come inside and see what you can get them to do!

ENTER


LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT
LARRY FLYNT'S
HUSTLER CLUB®
BACHELOR & BACHELORETTE PARTIES | FULL BAR | PRIVATE COUCH DANCES
THEME ROOMS | CHAMPAGNE LOUNGES | VIP LOUNGE
NEW YORK, NY
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
NEW ORLEANS, LA
BALTIMORE, MD
DETROIT, MI (NEW)
SAN DIEGO, CA
ST. LOUIS, MO
SHREVEPORT, LA
REDLANDS, CA
PARIS, FRANCE
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA
CROYDON, UK
(COMING SOON) LAS VEGAS, NV
WWW.HUSTLERCLUBS.COM

HUSTLER
MEN'S AND WOMEN'S CLOTHING AVAILABLE AT
WWW.HUSTLERCLOTHING.COM
CUSTOMER SERVICE: 818-717-5373 ex-6308
FOLLOW US! @HUSTLERAPPAREL LIKE US ON FACEBOOK

HUSTLER®

Larry Flynt *Editor and Publisher*
Michael H. Klein *President*
Liz Flynt *Vice-President, Administration/Associate Publisher*

Mark Johnson *Editorial Director*
Morgen "Tex" Hagen *Senior Editor*
Kimberly Cheng *Research Editor*
Anne Denbok *Associate Editor*
Philip Sanguinet *Copy Chief*

Art & Design
Team HUSTLER

Talent
Sharman Rielly *Talent Coordinator*

To model in HUSTLER, call 323-651-5400 (ext. 7109) or email talent@LFP.com.

Contributing Photographers
DigitalDesire.com
Chase Diamond
Wilferd Guenthoer
Matti Klatt

Records & Archives
Sean Berrios *Supervisor of Records and Documents*
David Carrillo *Recordkeeper/Archivist*

Network Systems
Andrea Landrum *Network Systems Director*

Production
Gina J. Lee *Production Director*
Shannon Poe *Production Coordinator*

Advertising
Mickey Puyda *National Advertising Sales Director*
323-951-7907, mpuyda@LFP.com
Wendy Camacho *Advertising Production Coordinator*

Subscriptions Customer Service: *323-651-2348*

HustlerSub.com

Gerry Awang *Vice-President, Circulation & Distribution*

LFP PUBLISHING GROUP, LLC DOES NOT ENDORSE AND ASSUMES NO LIABILITY FOR ANY OF THE PRODUCTS OR CLAIMS OF SERVICE ADVERTISED IN THIS MAGAZINE.

HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 41, No. 3, Anniversary 2014. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly and twice in September by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Copyright © 2014 LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call 323-651-2348. A one-year subscription is $44.95 (13 issues). This price represents **HUSTLER**'s standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. **No Canadian or other foreign orders accepted.** Back issues (available for USA orders only) are $15 to $25 each, postage and taxes included. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice, and send in both your old and new addresses. ATTENTION POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: **HUSTLER**, P.O. Box 16537, North Hollywood, CA 91615-9355. Periodicals postage paid at Beverly Hills, California, and at additional mailing offices. **HUSTLER** is registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office to LFP IP, LLC, which licenses the mark to LFP Publishing Group, LLC. **PRINTED IN CANADA.**

The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is May 20, 2014.

Cover photo by Wilferd Guenthoer

HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

FOUR DECADES OF DEFIANCE

When I started publishing HUSTLER Magazine 40 years ago, I knew it would turn a lot of people on and piss a few other people off. I was a guy who ran some strip clubs and figured, what the heck, men like looking at pretty, naked women, so that's what I'll give 'em. But I was about to get one hell of a political education.

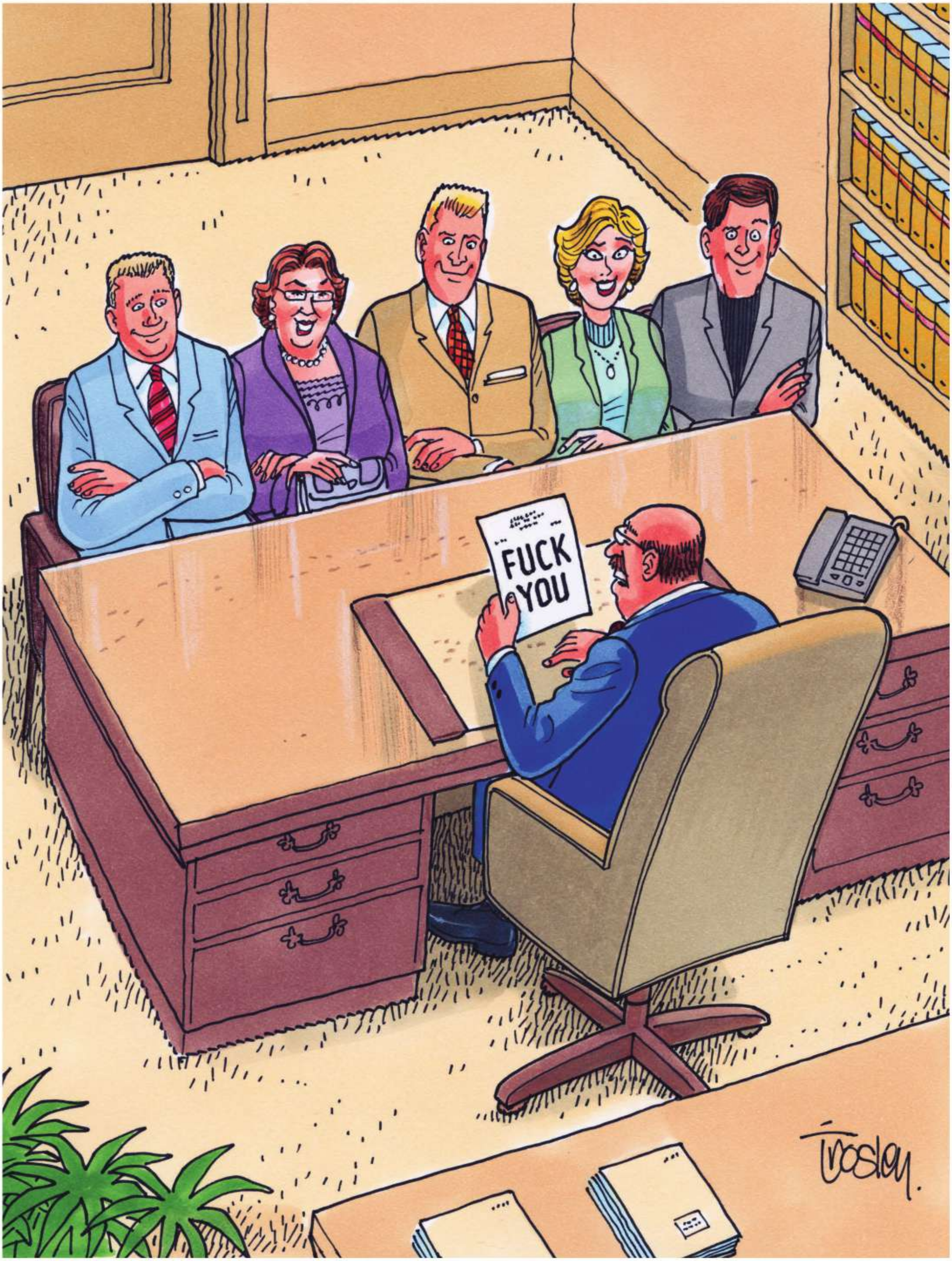
When you shake up the status quo, you end up in the crosshairs of everyone whose wealth and power depend on things staying the same. From Day One of HUSTLER's existence, I was forced to fight. Being defiant and vigilant became my fundamental stance. I found out quick that if I was going to survive in this business, I'd always have to stay one step ahead of my enemies and never back down.

I'm just one guy. Although I may get more press than most—thanks to the eternal lure of sex and profanity—there are scores of people like me out there. Every day someone is at the front lines of freedom in our country, challenging a wrongful arrest or appealing an unjust ruling.

Nobody wants to get dragged away in handcuffs or face the convoluted procedural nightmare of our court system. I've been there more than once, and believe me, it ain't fun. If you find yourself in that position, it will always feel lonely and unfair. But take solace in the fact that every legal stand we take ultimately affects everyone. Our rights are only as good as our willingness to fight for them.

I am proud that I've been able to bring you HUSTLER Magazine every month for 40 years. It hasn't been easy and it never will be. To all the people who tried and failed to stop me, I got a middle finger for you. To everyone else, let's keep this party going!

Larry Flynt
Publisher


FUCK YOU
Trosley.

"His last will and testament is rather simple."

MR. INDECENCY

CHARLES KEATING RAILED ABOUT PORN AND GAYS WHILE FATTENING HIS POCKETS AS A FINANCIAL DEVIANT.

This is a fit time and place to mark the memory of one Charles Keating, the scoundrel who wanted to be remembered for having put Larry Flynt in jail. Instead, this holier-than-thou guardian of other people's morals was locked up much longer for his own transgressions.

In 1977, thanks to Keating's incendiary crusade, Flynt was jailed for six days in Cincinnati, Ohio, for attempting to satisfy the sexually prurient interests of HUSTLER readers. Fortunately, his conviction by a local jury of bluenoses was overturned. Keating, who had moved on to become a bankster, served almost five years in a federal pen during the 1990s as the foremost financial hustler defrauding innocents out of their life savings and homes.

Upon his death in April, it was Keating's own conviction on bank-swindling charges that caught obituary writers' attention. His antiporn campaign was treated as a hypocritical side note. *The Wall Street Journal* proclaimed: "A swimming champion and antipornography crusader early in life, Charles H. Keating Jr. became a hugely successful businessman whose name is synonymous with the savings-and-loan crisis of the 1980s."

The London-based *Financial Times* noted, "Keating, former head of Lincoln Savings and Loan Association, died this week, aged 90, without having publicly shown any remorse for his role."

In 1958 Keating launched his moral-crusader career in Cincinnati by founding Citizens for Decent Literature (later renamed Citizens for Decency through Law). Claiming to protect the innocence of the vulnerable, he ended up separating the vulnerable from their savings and homes with lousy mortgages issued by Lincoln S&L. According to the *Financial Times*, "One of Lincoln's marketing mottos was: 'Always remember, the weak, meek and ignorant are always good sales targets.'"

The collapse of Lincoln cost taxpayers $3.4 billion and triggered a crisis in the savings-and-loan industry that was a harbinger of the Wall Street banking meltdown two decades later. Playing a key role in both debacles was Alan Greenspan. He defended Keating in a plea with government regulators, then went on to become chairman of the Federal Reserve while it presided over the madcap sale of suspect subprime mortgages during the Bush years.

Keating was a Roman Catholic moralist of the most primitive and hypocritical sort. Nicknamed "Mr. Clean," he financed the 1965 film *Perversion for Profit*, which not only blasted pornography but also reflected his obsession with criminalizing homosexuality. Ironically, the propaganda flick is still a hot item on the Internet for those given to the kinky porn prevalent when censorship drove any focus on sexuality into the darker corners.

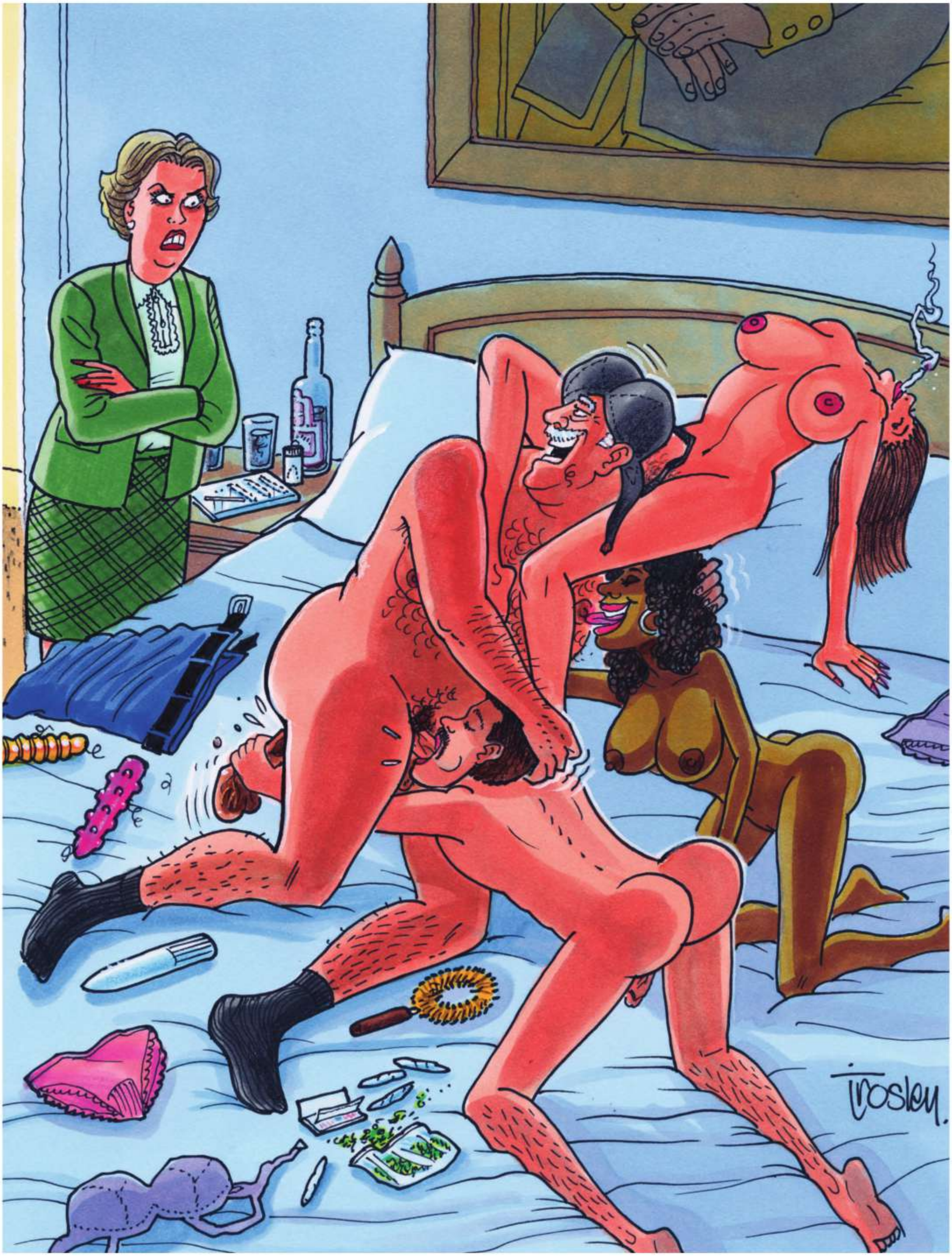
Even after heading west to become a financial magnate, Keating continued his crusade for "decency." *Los Angeles Times* columnist Robin Abcarian's postmortem mentioned that "Keating had also brought his anti-smut crusade with him to California; he went after Pacific Bell for allowing access to dial-a-porn messages and tried to shut down a Mitchell Bros. X-rated cinema house in Orange County, claiming the theater attracted 'organized crime and persons who practice sexual deviations such as homosexuals, lesbians, voyeurs, prostitutes, pedophiliacs, sadists, masochists, rapists, etc.'" Keating wasn't referring to the Catholic clergy; they've hardly needed an adults-only theater as a venue to stoke such sexual appetites.

Larry Flynt, who faced a possible 25 years in prison thanks to Keating, gave his nemesis a well-deserved parting shot: "Even while he was stealing all that money from those old people," our favorite smut peddler told the *Los Angeles Times*, "he was still trying to prosecute my case [in Cincinnati]." As Flynt pointed out, "They couldn't keep the streets clean, but they want to keep our minds pure."

The streets in Beverly Hills—where Flynt has long been accepted as a successful local businessman, philanthropist and donor to progressive candidates and causes—are quite clean. And the morals of Americans will surely survive the departure of Charles Keating. So too the savings and homes of families that Keating won't get to swindle.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stickup: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

WELL?!
OKAY... WOULD JESUS THINK YOU WERE AN ANNOYING PRICK?
ASK ME ABOUT JESUS!



"That's right, dear. In Congress I *am* a conservative,
but in bed I'm a flaming liberal."

WHY I DIG BEING IN HUSTLER

OUR SAGE COLUMNIST RIFFS ON THE PLEASURES OF WRITING FOR AMERICA'S ANYTHING-GOES MAGAZINE.

As a reporter, historian, critic and columnist for more than 60 years, I've never wanted to write just for the choir—readers who always agree with me. The wider and more combative the audience, the better. So I was eager when HUSTLER Magazine not only published my article "The War on Free Speech" in October 2007 but also invited me to become a monthly columnist.

I was given an opportunity to share with HUSTLER readers my thoughts on topics like the government's trashing of our personal privacy and to provide information about the ever-advancing surveillance technology that makes Big Brother bigger. "Can the Constitution Survive Another 9/11?" appeared in the November 2007 issue, and I've gladly been churning out new columns ever since.

Why wouldn't I? What I most value is never being told what *not* to write. Publisher Larry Flynt has gone all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court to ensure that freedom of opinion, often scathing and controversial, remains very much alive here.

I always read Mr. Flynt's concise opening salvos in each issue. When he discusses the importance of protecting free speech and condemns the government's intrusion into our private lives, I find a kindred spirit.

Moreover, his magazine openly offers what some would call pornography—material that arouses sexual desire. I admit that the photographs of women revealing themselves give me a kick and make me feel desirously young again. That is quite a bonus for an 88-year-old.

I also owe a personal debt to HUSTLER: The editor of my column is Morgen "Tex" Hagen, who constantly gives me postgraduate lessons on how to keep the words flowing smoothly by trimming the excess. That reminds me of what my friend Dizzy Gillespie once told me about communicating with his trumpet: "It took me years to know what notes *not* to play." That's what I keep learning from Tex.

I now have an opportunity to finally thank Mr. Flynt for pursuing the landmark Supreme Court case *HUSTLER Magazine* v. *Falwell*. When he prevailed in 1988, it was a victory for all American publications, writers, satirists and free thinkers. So my "anniversary" column will trumpet these words from the Rehnquist Court's unanimous decision:

"At the heart of the First Amendment is the recognition of the fundamental importance of the free flow of ideas and opinions on matters of public interest and concern. The freedom to speak one's mind is not only an aspect of individual liberty—and thus a good unto itself—but also is essential to the common quest for truth and the vitality of society as a whole."

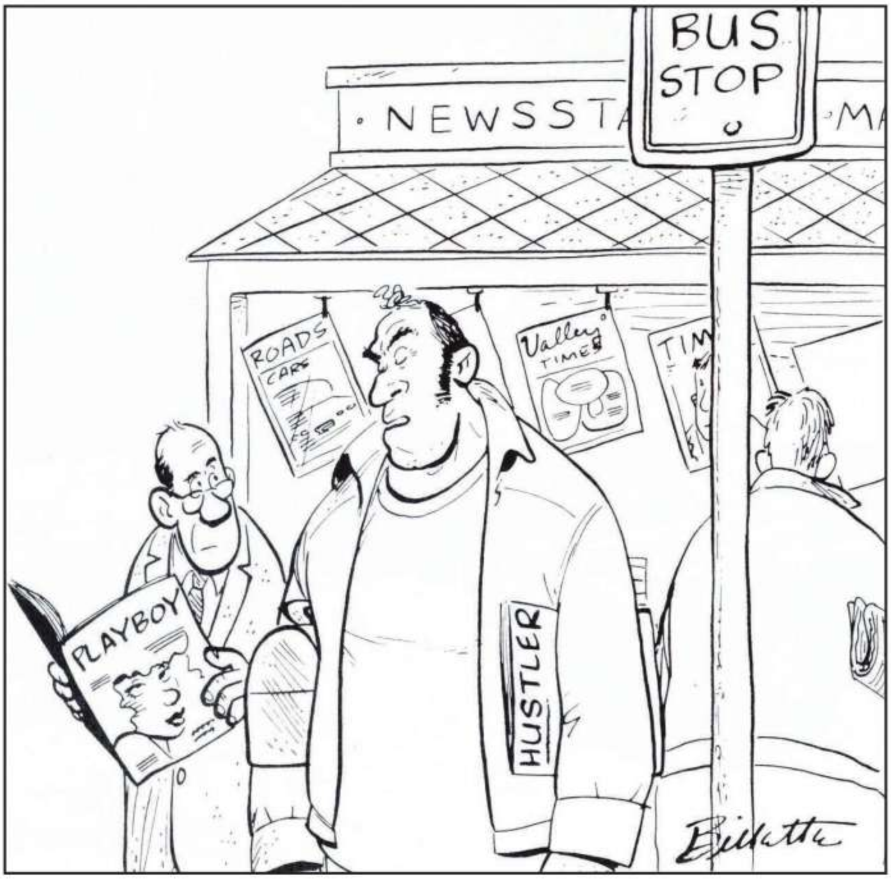
How could I not fit in at HUSTLER, which has defended and strengthened the First Amendment? But there are those who look askance at me for being here: some so-called feminists, objectors to "porn" et al. For example, in David L. Lewis's new book *The Pleasures of Being Out of Step: Nat Hentoff on Journalism, Jazz and the First Amendment*—I am asked, "Are you still writing a column for HUSTLER Magazine?"

"It was a new audience," I answer. "And boy, if the spirit of the First Amendment doesn't allow you to write where you want to write, what use is it?"

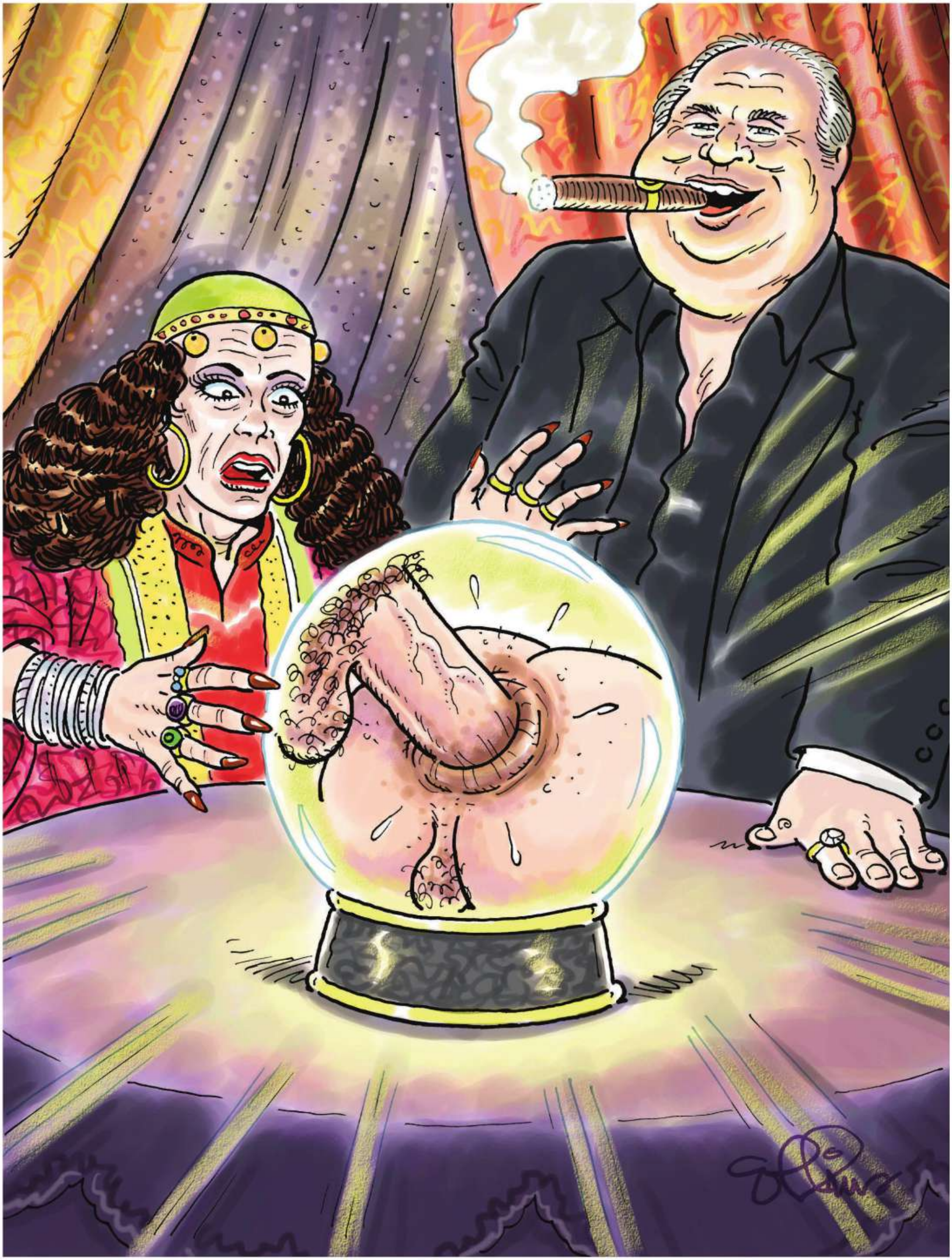
So I am proud to join all of you in this celebration of HUSTLER Magazine's 40th Anniversary.

Nat Hentoff, a senior fellow at the Cato Institute and Jazz Foundation of America board member, is a historian of the Constitution, syndicated columnist and jazz critic. His books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*. Hentoff is also the subject of David L. Lewis's documentary film *The Pleasures of Being Out of Step*. According to Alan Scherstuhl of *The Village Voice*, "Hentoff comes off as an amused, amusing, endlessly fascinating man, one with more stories to tell than he could have fit into his almost three dozen books or his half-century of columns."

CLASSIC CARTOON, FEBRUARY '84



"Yeah, I only read the interviews too! Mainly 'cause *Playboy* don't show pink!"



"You are about to receive what you so richly deserve."

39 YEARS OF SHIT

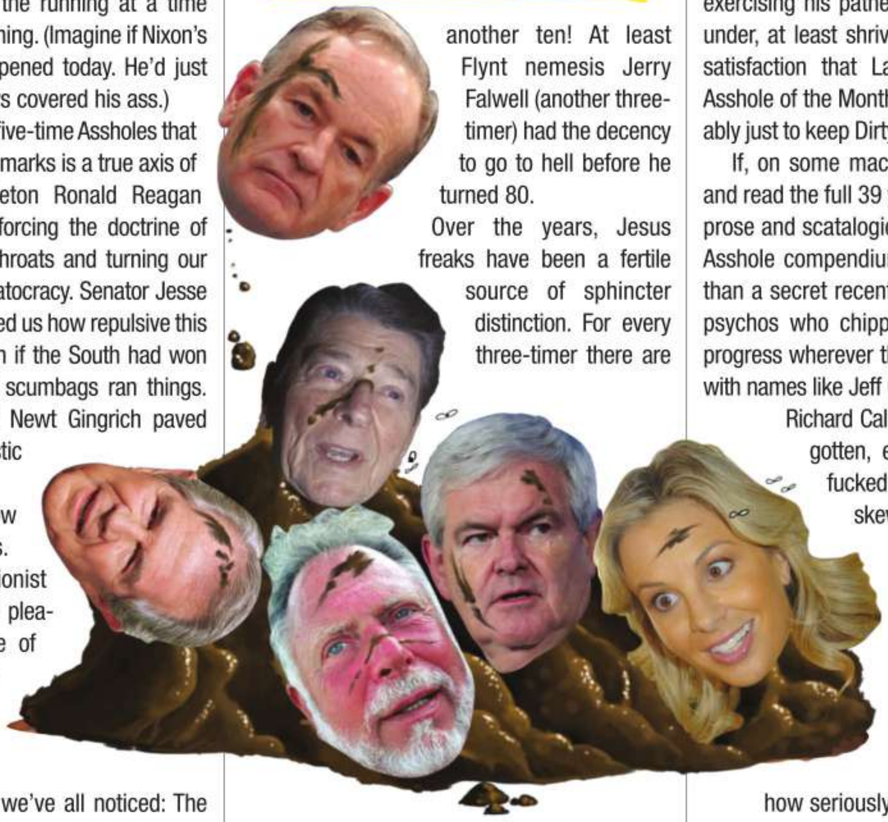
If there's one thing we've learned in four decades of writing about assholes, it's this: An asshole taking a massive shit on our country will keep taking a massive shit on our country until somebody puts a stop to it. Call it Flynt's First Law of Assholery.

Judging by how many colossal creeps have been multiple Asshole dishonorees, plugging a public shitpipe is historically hard. In most cases, the only time these rectal retreads cease is the day they take their last shit on this Earth and land in Hades' manure pile.

The infamous Asshole of the Month column was launched in 1975, just as HUSTLER was gearing up to trumpet its first year in existence. Our first dishonoree's name is so synonomous with dropping a monster load on the nation and leaving the rest of us to clean it up, we may as well call this thing Nixon of the Month! History mercifully took Tricky Dick out of the running at a time when lying meant something. (Imagine if Nixon's Watergate waterloo happened today. He'd just ride it out while Fox News covered his ass.)

But the triumvirate of five-time Assholes that followed in Nixon's tread marks is a true axis of evil: Presidential simpleton Ronald Reagan screwed us forever by forcing the doctrine of deregulation down our throats and turning our democracy into a corporatocracy. Senator Jesse Helms constantly reminded us how repulsive this country would have been if the South had won the Civil War and racist scumbags ran things. And Congressional wart Newt Gingrich paved the way for opportunistic Republican ideologues with zero interest in how the real world works. Unfortunately, obstructionist Newt still denies us the pleasure of calling all three of these mega-assholes worm food, but that sweet day will come.

The Second Law of Assholery is something we've all noticed: The more miserable a cunt somebody is, the longer they take to fucking die! Take senile sex hater and three-time Asshole Pat Robertson, who is still trying to tell us that bad shit happens because God is as obsessed as he is with where people stick their dicks. Every year that this proctogenarian lives sets our country back another ten! At least Flynt nemesis Jerry Falwell (another three-timer) had the decency to go to hell before he turned 80.



Over the years, Jesus freaks have been a fertile source of sphincter distinction. For every three-timer there are dozens more languishing in the waiting room, polishing their turds and hoping they'll shine enough to catch our eye. No, Billy Graham, we haven't forgotten about you.

Then there are the Assholes that spew into our faces on a daily basis like diarrhetic money shots. We're talking of course about the fuckwads at Fox News. Blond bag of hammers Elisabeth Hasselbeck now has three Assholes to crap out of, along with her buddy in bigotry Bill O'Reilly. Right-wing megaphone of ignorance Rush Limbaugh is another three-timer who should get a lifetime Asshole of the Month, then an eternal one when he makes the world a better place and finally ODs on-air.

Speaking of blowhards whose hearts must be made of cold cast iron, Reaganite and Bush drug czar William Bennett has cursed our country long enough to be Asshole of the Month four times! This rectal laureate embodies the smug, pigheaded, I'm-right-even-when-I'm-wrong attitude that epitomizes the prime Asshole candidate.

Speaking of which, *Screw* publisher and early HUSTLER advocate Al Goldstein, now exercising his pathetic misogyny from six feet under, at least shriveled up and died with the satisfaction that Larry Flynt named himself Asshole of the Month three times as well, probably just to keep Dirty Ol' Al from feeling special.

If, on some macabre dare, you went back and read the full 39 years of stomach-churning prose and scatalogical vitriol that make up the Asshole compendium, you'd find nothing less than a secret recent history of the U.S., full of psychos who chipped away at freedom and progress wherever they could. Many of them—with names like Jeff Gillooly, Evelyn Coffman and Richard Caliguiri—are now mostly forgotten, except by the people they fucked over. But HUSTLER not only skewers the rich and infamous; it also ferrets out the pricks and henchmen who don't expect anyone to turn a national spotlight on them while they're trying to flush our country down the toilet.

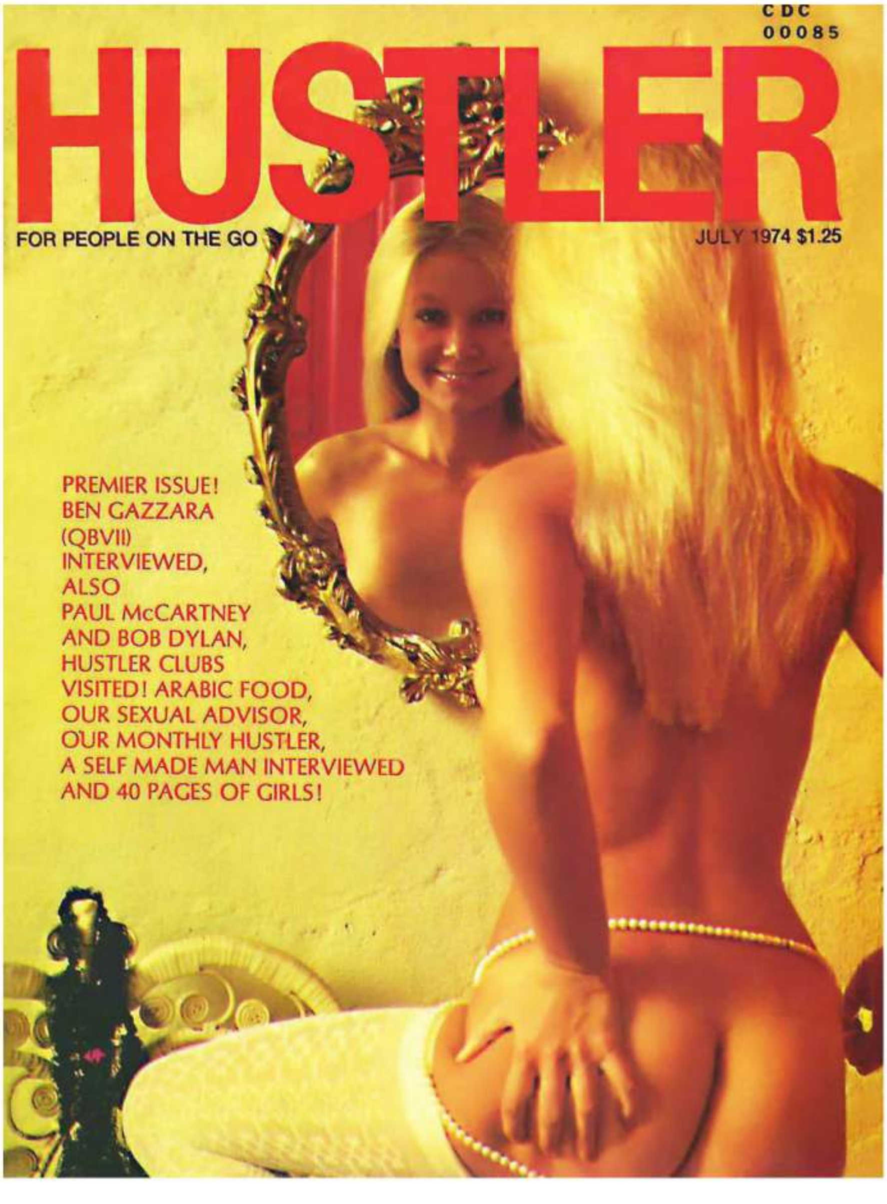
As a testament to just how seriously Larry Flynt takes his mission to name and shame the enemies of democracy and free speech, the man himself still selects each month's Asshole from his personal shitlist. He knows it will always get back to every one of them and sooner or later they won't be able to resist reading it, just to see how bad their own pile of crap stinks. H

ERECTING AN ICON

1974

THE FIRST ISSUE OF HUSTLER HITS NEWSSTANDS. RELATIVELY SOFT AT FIRST, IT WILL SOON BE THE MOST EXPLICIT MAG ON THE MARKET.

FORTY FUCKING YEARS! AS HUSTLER HITS ITS RUBY ANNIVERSARY, WE LOOK BACK AT NEARLY HALF A CENTURY OF SEX, INSANITY AND THE AMERICAN DREAM. LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS AND HANG ON TIGHT.



CDC
00085

HUSTLER

FOR PEOPLE ON THE GO

JULY 1974 $1.25

PREMIER ISSUE!
BEN GAZZARA
(QBVII)
INTERVIEWED,
ALSO
PAUL McCARTNEY
AND BOB DYLAN,
HUSTLER CLUBS
VISITED! ARABIC FOOD,
OUR SEXUAL ADVISOR,
OUR MONTHLY HUSTLER,
A SELF MADE MAN INTERVIEWED
AND 40 PAGES OF GIRLS!

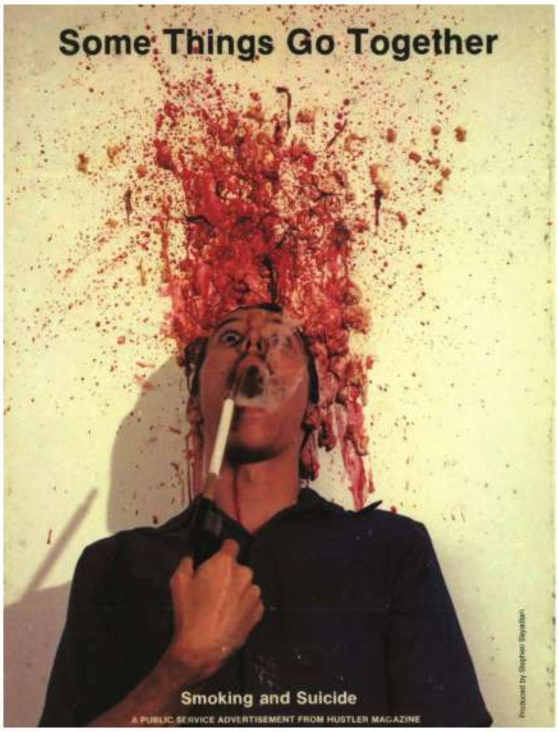
<< JESSIE ANDREWS REIMAGINES OUR DEBUT COVER.

SEE JESSIE'S FULL SPREAD STARTING ON PAGE 58.

HUSTLER'S FIRST BLACK HONEY, JARA, MAY '75

CONTROVERSIAL BALD SPREAD, JUNE '76

PUBLIC SERVICE AD, NOVEMBER '76

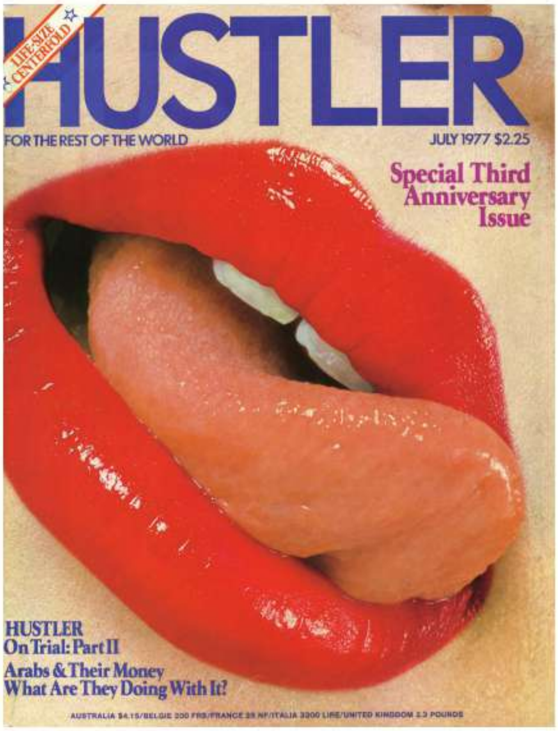


Some Things Go Together

Smoking and Suicide

A PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISEMENT FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE

Produced by Stephen Sayadian



LIFE-SIZE CENTERFOLD

HUSTLER

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

JULY 1977 $2.25

Special Third Anniversary Issue

HUSTLER On Trial: Part II

Arabs & Their Money What Are They Doing With It?

AUSTRALIA $4.15/BELGIE 200 FRS/FRANCE 25 NF/ITALIA 3300 LIRE/UNITED KINGDOM 2.3 POUNDS

Hard Time

Just a quick note to say we all love and respect what Larry Flynt has done and still is doing. At least we still have a good, classy magazine with great editorials, cartoonists and, of course, the honeys. America is slowly losing its class of outspoken people who have a backbone and not some yellow-belly bastard who's blowing the whistle for a foul every chance they get.

I'm in prison in wild and wonderful West Virginia. HUSTLER Magazine and Mr. Flynt have a hell of a backing in here and in other state prisons. We'd all be honored to see a few pieces on the good ol' prison system in America. We know Mr. Flynt himself has had a run-in or two with the "Man." Thanks again for giving us a little freedom every month with your mag. Stay smooth and be easy.

—Willie Jay Copley,
on behalf of the inmates at
Mount Olive, West Virginia

Shameless

Larry Flynt has achieved some greatness, and I know he can achieve even more greatness still. Sex, even through porn, can achieve a quality worthy of art. Larry's personal story inspired me years ago, back when HUSTLER ran that hilarious picture of Republican Bob Packwood stuck inside a vagina. I'm a liberal too and not ashamed to say it to anyone. I knew I was a liberal even when I was young and back when that first asshole, Bush, was President.

Anyhow, I know what it's like to grow up in a small Appalachian town in southeast Ohio, back when my friends hid your goddamn magazines inside of trees in the woods so that our parents wouldn't throw them out. We would sneak out at night with lanterns to read who was *Asshole of the Month*, and also to see who had the best tits and ass of the month.

Larry always seemed like the king to me, preaching the gospel truth that the body and mind are connected and sex is sacred. Heck, I just officially subscribed to HUSTLER Magazine last year because of that issue with Gore Vidal [February '13, *My Fellow Rebel*]. After all these years of wanting to but not wanting to piss off my wife. I've shown her that there are some serious articles in it here and there. The problem is we grew up in a society that said sex was smut and evil, but intelligent people soon realize that ain't true.

—Lee Michael Paxton
Coraopolis, Pennsylvania

Aidra Fox opens wide in the June '14 issue.

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of crazy letters. Here's one of our favorites.

I spend a lot of my free time on the Internet. What does the Bible really teach? My dildo can do anything a man can do! Oh yeah, bitch? Let's see your fucking dildo get up and order a round of drinks! So then I had to beat him to death with the chair. You lucky bastard. And he always comes just before you pass out? Not unless he's really in pain. It's how I stay fit since I have a weakness for fried food. Nasty stereotypes and awkward attempts at comedy. Because your magazine is responsible for me losing my virginity. By the way, your name came up in my therapy session today. I guess it's possible God created all these dinosaur bones to test our faith. Genital warts have never tasted this good. The herpes flavor is delicious, but supergonorrhea is to die for. I'll get you that drink as soon as I can.

—Anthony Johnson
Three Rivers, Michigan

Paul-itics

I just picked up the most recent issue (June '14) of HUSTLER and was very pleased to see who was chosen as the *Asshole of the Month*—Rand "Faux Libertarian" Paul. In the extremely duplicitous world of politics teeming with lying phonies, Paul, like his crazy father Ron, is one of the worst offenders, which of course is one of the things that makes him a major asshole. Rand "Personhood Amendment" Paul, like his harsh-and-biased brethren at Faux News and in the Tea Party, is masquerading as something he clearly is not. He's part of a right-wing movement whose goal is to hijack libertarianism so that it reflects the extreme Reagan/Falwell/Robertson-like social views of the psychotic religious right. All while maintaining the cult of unfettered laissez-faire economics.

Also incongruous with his so-called "libertarianism" are Paul's views on immigration and the military-industrial complex. He's anti the former and pro the latter. With stances like these and his warped philosophy that certain personal choices require government regulation (i.e., abortion and gay marriage), most true libertarians won't "Stand with Rand."

No matter how much he tries to appeal to nontraditional Republican voters by railing against the NSA or supporting marijuana legalization, Paul's goal of being elected president will remain just a pipe dream. Maybe he's smoking too much weed. It'll be very interesting to see how the con man from Kentucky navigates around his inconsistencies during the 2016 campaign. On one hand, he'll have to deal with the demands of the religious nuts

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

and the neocon war hawks. On the other, he'll have to keep up the facade of "liberty" to satisfy those not aware of his true agenda. I can't wait! Fuck Rand Paul, and long live Larry Flynt and HUSTLER! **—John J. Smith**
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Rough Justice

I have enjoyed your publication for years since my father brought home the issue with Jackie Onassis sunbathing nude. You should do more like those. We need more people like you who aren't afraid to speak up and point out what's wrong with our country. I am currently in Nassau County Jail. My crime is being home and standing up to the overpaid, corrupt police. Nassau is the richest and most corrupt county in the country. Police abuse is rampant, and the police commissioner just resigned in disgrace. Truth and justice are hard to come by, but in Nassau County it is nonexistent. Our justice and prison system is a disgrace.

Keep up the good work and the good fights; we need more men like Mr. Flynt to stand up for our rights. Our country is being ruined by extremist shitheads who have lost all grasp of what we stand for as a people. **—Jeffrey Anlyan**
Albertson, New York

You're in luck, Jeffrey! To celebrate HUSTLER's 40th Anniversary, we've reprinted one of those infamous Jackie O. nudes on page 33.

Foxy Lady

Just picked up the June '14 issue. Aidra Fox got my dick hard immediately [*Shades of Pink*]. I wouldn't mind tongue-fucking her perfect, plump pussy either. **—Jackson D.**
Oakland, California

Extra Cream

I sat down to write this letter three and a half months ago, but I stopped to read Rodney A. Smolla's book *Jerry Falwell v. Larry Flynt*. Very insightful and funny as hell! Larry Flynt is the man!

In a recent comment in your *Feedback* section, a reader noticed Tiffany Miller's wet snatch in the September '13 issue [*Sweet Discovery*]. Now, as a connoisseur of dripping wet girl goo, nothing turns me on more or gives me a raging hard-on like the sight of a well-used, cum-oozing pussy! But what about the others before Sweet Tiffany? Like Kiara Diane [January '12, *Secret Lover*], Holly Taylor [July '13, *This Ain't Die Hard XXX*] or Katie Summers [December '13, *Going for Gold*]. They all deserve mention and a one-eyed salute! Please shoot more photos of wet, dewy girl jizz drenching fingers and saturating ass cracks!

Finally, a little shout-out to my favorite section, *Beaver Hunt*. Thanks to all the "real women" out there who work so hard at keeping my 8 3/4-inch dick hard night after night! If any women out there need any encouragement, just follow the examples of Ashley [April '12] and Alexis [November '13].

HUSTLER's the greatest fuck mag around! And I should know—I've been reading HUSTLER for the past 22 years of my incarceration. In fact, you should have already received my money order for my subscription renewal. I'm not one of those who try to game you outa free swag. I put my money where my cock is, so to speak!

Thanks to all the fine women out there and to Mr. Larry "Give 'Em Hell" Flynt and staff! Keep up the good work, and I'll keep on subscribing! **—Michael A. Moore**
Ossining, New York

PENIS ENLARGEMENT

MINIMALLY INVASIVE MALE ENHANCEMENT PROCEDURE INVOLVING
NEEDLELESS INSERTION OF LONG ACTING FILLERS – LASTING UP TO
10 YEARS OR FOR A LIFETIME

"Become a grower and a shower. We not only grow in size...we grow in Confidence."

- Very Natural Penis Enlargement with your own natural collagen produced
- Increase Penile girth or circumference up to 100%
- Increases in Flaccid (soft) Penile length up to full Erect Length
- Increases in Erect (firm) Penile length are marginal but may result in an additional inch gain per treatment in some cases
- Glans and Scrotal Enhancement available
- Circumcision available (which is recommended before Penile Shaft & Glans Enlargement Treatments)
- It is affordable and Financing is available
- Please visit www.loriamedical.com to see before & after photos.

Dr. Loria *In The News*

Local
10
NEWS
Play
Enhancement
Procedure
11:15 80°

DR LORIA INTERVIEWED AND SEEN ON TV CHANNEL 10, CHANNEL 41, CHANNEL 12, CHANNEL 4 AND MANY OTHERS REGARDING THIS INNOVATIVE MINIMALLY INVASIVE MALE ENHANCEMENT TECHNIQUE. GO TO WWW.LORIAMEDICAL.COM TO SEE THE NEWS DETAILS.

Dr. Loria is a cosmetic surgeon performing male enhancement procedures. Speak to actual patients and hear how it has changed their lives. Take advantage of this minimally invasive procedure – **NO** Major Surgery, **NO** Scalpels Needed, **NO** Stitches, **NO** Scars, **NO** General Anesthesia, **NO** Implants, **and NO** Short Term Results.
Please note that for certain Flaccid & Erect Lengthening procedures a small incision with a few stitches may be needed for silicone implant placement.

Inquire about Dr. Loria's Male Enhancement PLATINUM Procedure.

LORIA MEDICAL

3625 NW 82nd Avenue, STE 402 • MIAMI, FL 33166
1-877-DR-LORIA (1-877-375-6742) • WWW.LORIAMEDICAL.COM
PLEASE SEND EMAIL TO: INFO@LORIAMEDICAL.COM

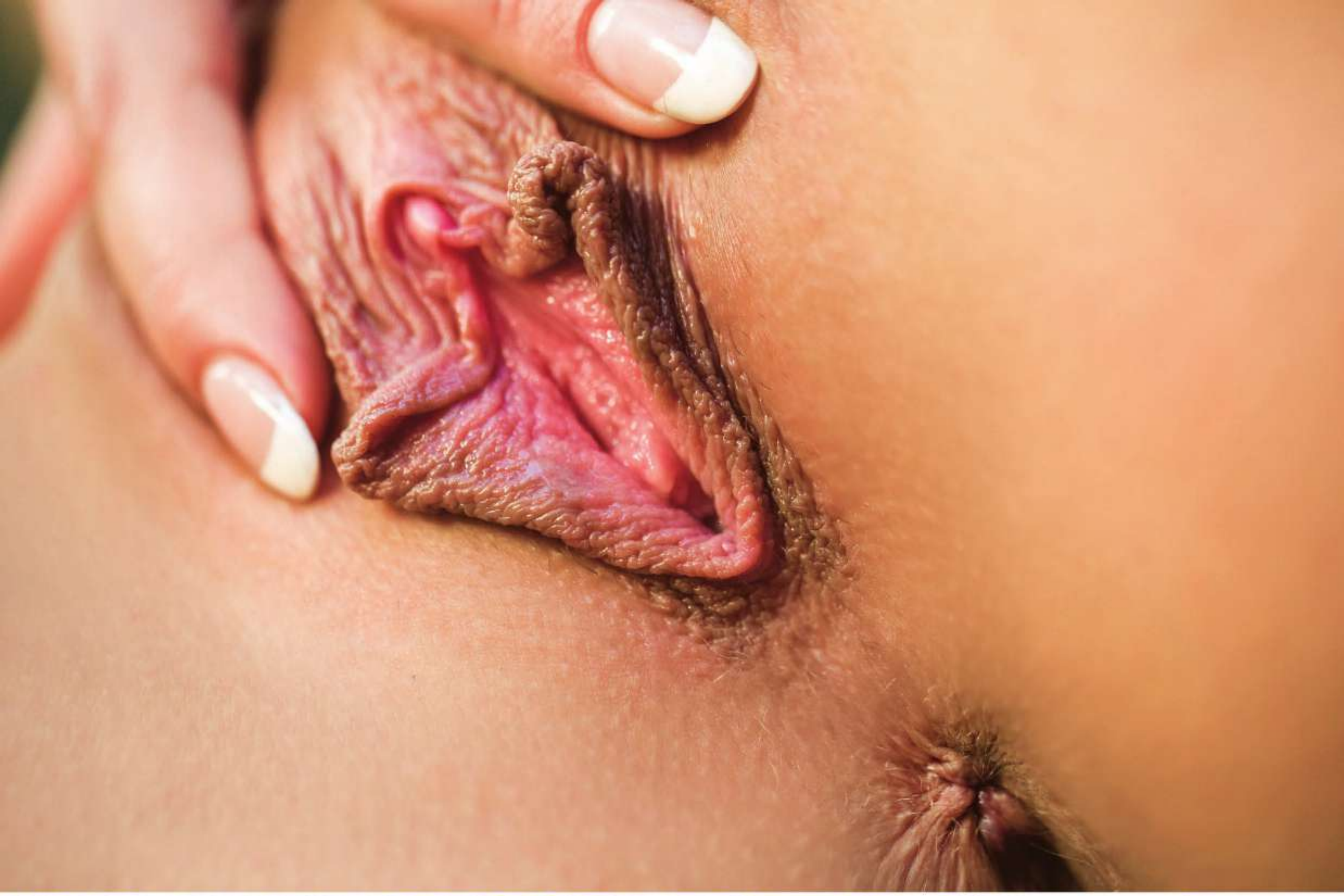
CALL TODAY FOR A PRIVATE CONSULTATION WITH DR. LORIA **NOW AT AN AFFORDABLE COST**

SCARLET RED

FREE 'N' EASY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

I'd like to have sex on a canvas. Pour paint over each other, fall to the canvas and make passionate love. Ever since I was young, I've felt artistic. It's helped me to feel comfortable and confident in front of the camera. But let me tell you a secret. Here's how I got my name: I turn a bright scarlet red when I orgasm."

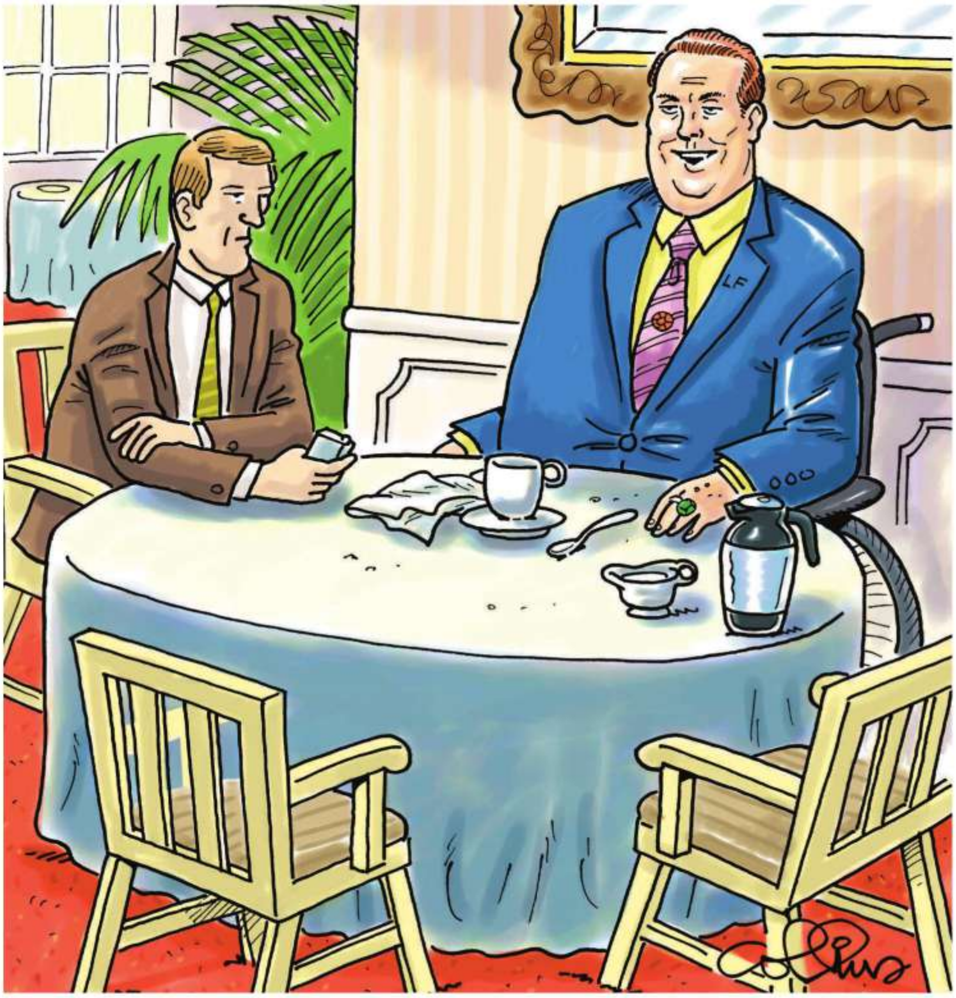


SCARLET'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Aspen, Colorado** | AGE: **21**
HEIGHT: **5-9** | MEASUREMENTS: **34-25-36**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy-style of course!**
TWITTER: **@ScarletRedXXX**

HUSTLER'S EARLY DAYS ARE THE STUFF OF LEGEND, DOCUMENTED BY REPORTERS AND ACTED OUT BY HOLLYWOOD STARS. A FORMER TOP EDITOR CONFIRMS THAT THE REAL STORY IS EVEN CRAZIER. HE SWEARS EVERYTHING THAT FOLLOWS IS TRUE AND UNADORNED.

LAR



"The first time I ever saw a pussy, I knew right then and there I had to see all of them."

CINCINNATI OHIO PD
101181
LO
43 72

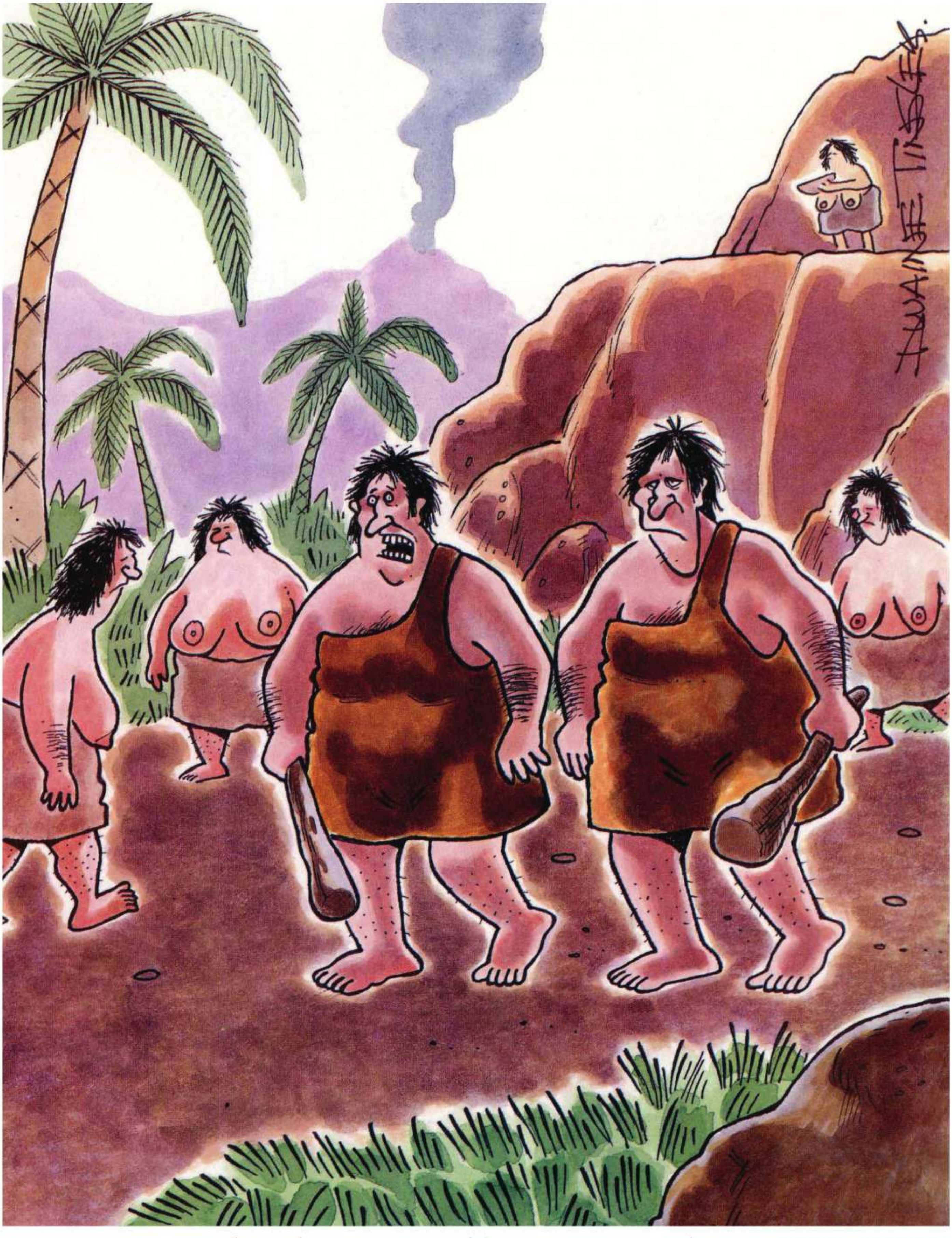
RY SHOCK

BY BRUCE DAVID

I'm in Columbus, fucking Ohio, for God's sake! How the hell did that happen? I asked myself. Of course, I knew the answer. I had accepted a job offer from Larry Flynt. He'd hired me to be managing editor of HUSTLER Magazine. But what the devil had I gotten myself into?! I was surrounded by hillbillies—at least that was how they referred to themselves. Larry himself, I learned, was an eighth-grade dropout.

It had all started back in New York City, where I was working as a columnist for *Screw*, Al Goldstein's notorious sex magazine. (For some reason *The New York Times* wasn't impressed with my degree from Paterson State Teachers College.) When the first issue of HUSTLER hit the stands in 1974, I'd reviewed it in *Screw*, saying HUSTLER had "just nudged out *Refrigerator Monthly* as the most boring publication in America." Flynt, as it turned out, agreed. The next thing I knew, I was in Columbus, a city with either a go-go bar or a storefront church on every corner. >>

CLASSIC CARTOON, JULY '00


DWAINE TINSLEY

"I wish someone would invent pornography.
I need some hot chicks to whack off to."

THINK PINK

I'd seen HUSTLER's potential even while still in New York. My friend, local radio personality Alex Bennett, told me he thought *Gallery*, a recent arrival on the publishing scene, would be the next magazine to rival *Playboy* and *Penthouse*. But I said no, it would be HUSTLER. Shortly after my *Screw* review came out, Larry began showing "pink"—a woman's exposed and open vagina. It was clear to me that the heartland publisher was willing to challenge the status quo in much the same way Al Goldstein had in 1969, when he first put *Screw* on the newsstands of New York City. Sure, Al had gotten busted for his efforts, but with the help of lawyers—and the protections of the First Amendment—he'd won the day. Larry, it seemed, was willing to go the same route nationally—a more risky proposition.

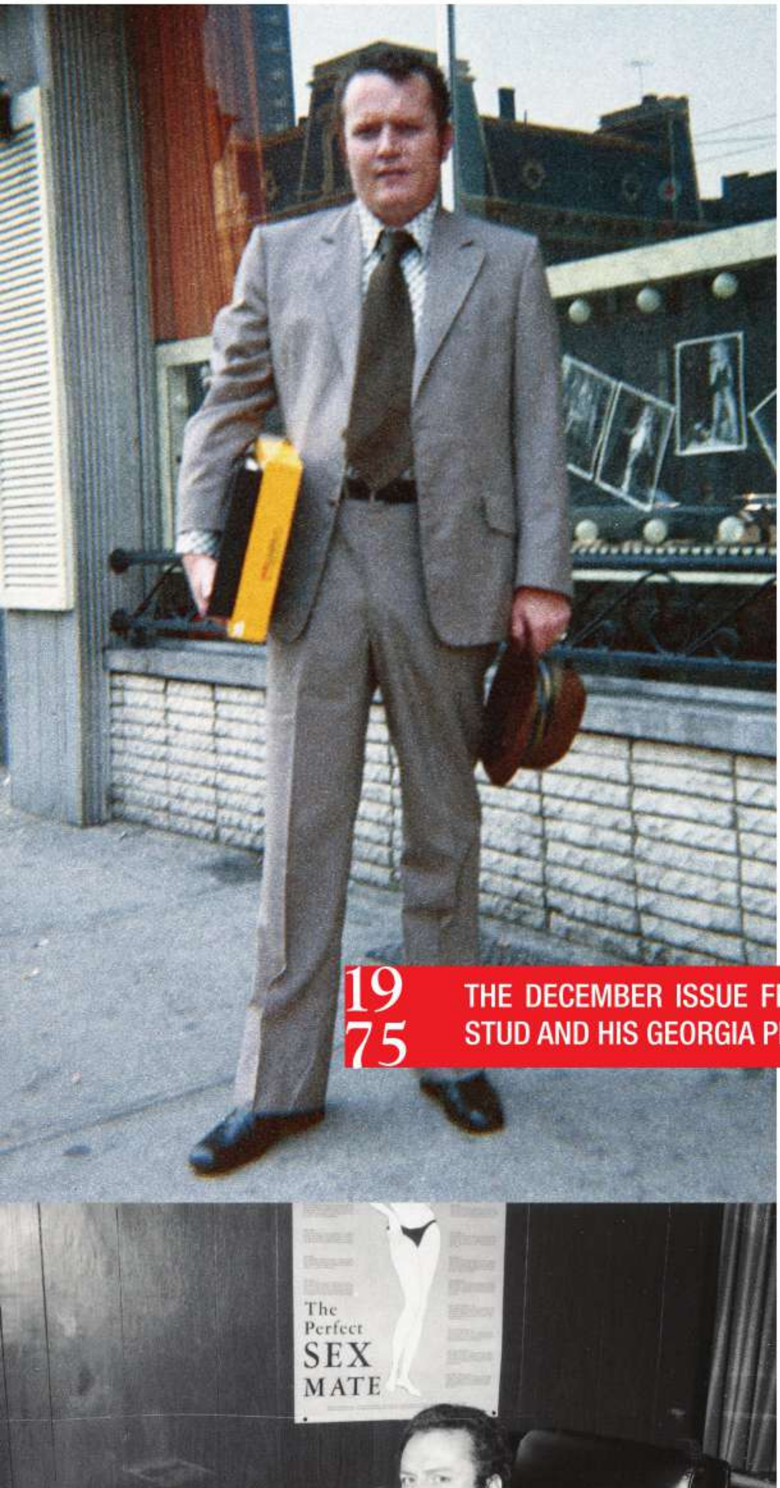
Upgrading HUSTLER would not be an easy task. Finding good editors in Columbus who were willing to work for a porn magazine was proving difficult, and the editors I knew from New York, being smarter than me, didn't want to relocate to Columbus fucking Ohio. The two editors I had, local guys, would leave every evening at 5:30 on the dot, regardless of how much work still had to be done. Neither one understood we were making publishing history. Or if they did understand, they didn't give a shit.

My immediate supervisor was Althea Leasure, Larry's fiancée (and later wife). Like Larry, her education was spotty at best. But it would have been a mistake to dismiss her. Smart and strong-willed, she was fiercely dedicated to Larry. And, oh yeah, one more thing: She hated me. Althea saw me as a wiseass New York hipster who thought he was smarter than everyone else. (My high school guidance counselor had assured me years earlier that I wasn't.) But Althea knew what was good for the magazine and she supported most of my requests, however grudgingly.

Of course Larry was the real driving force. By the time I arrived at HUSTLER, he had already hired two top-rated European photographers—James Baes and Clive McLean—to shoot the girl-sets. This guaranteed a quantum leap in the quality of our photography. And Larry had just published the infamous nude pics of Jackie Kennedy Onassis. The Jackie O. photos put HUSTLER on the map. >>

1975 PRESIDENTIAL PUSSY! HUSTLER PUBLISHES NUDE PHOTOS OF JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS IN THE AUGUST ISSUE. SALES SKYROCKET.

MILLION-DOLLAR MAN



I was beginning to discover two very important things about Larry Flynt: He was scary smart and had brass balls. He had already established a chain of go-go bars within the state of Ohio. In fact, it was a newsletter for the Hustler Clubs that became the genesis for HUSTLER Magazine. Going from newsletter to a full-blown magazine was no small step, but no one told Larry that a hillbilly who had never gone to high school, much less college, couldn't be the publisher of a successful men's magazine. Or that you couldn't publish a viable national magazine from a backwater burg like Columbus.

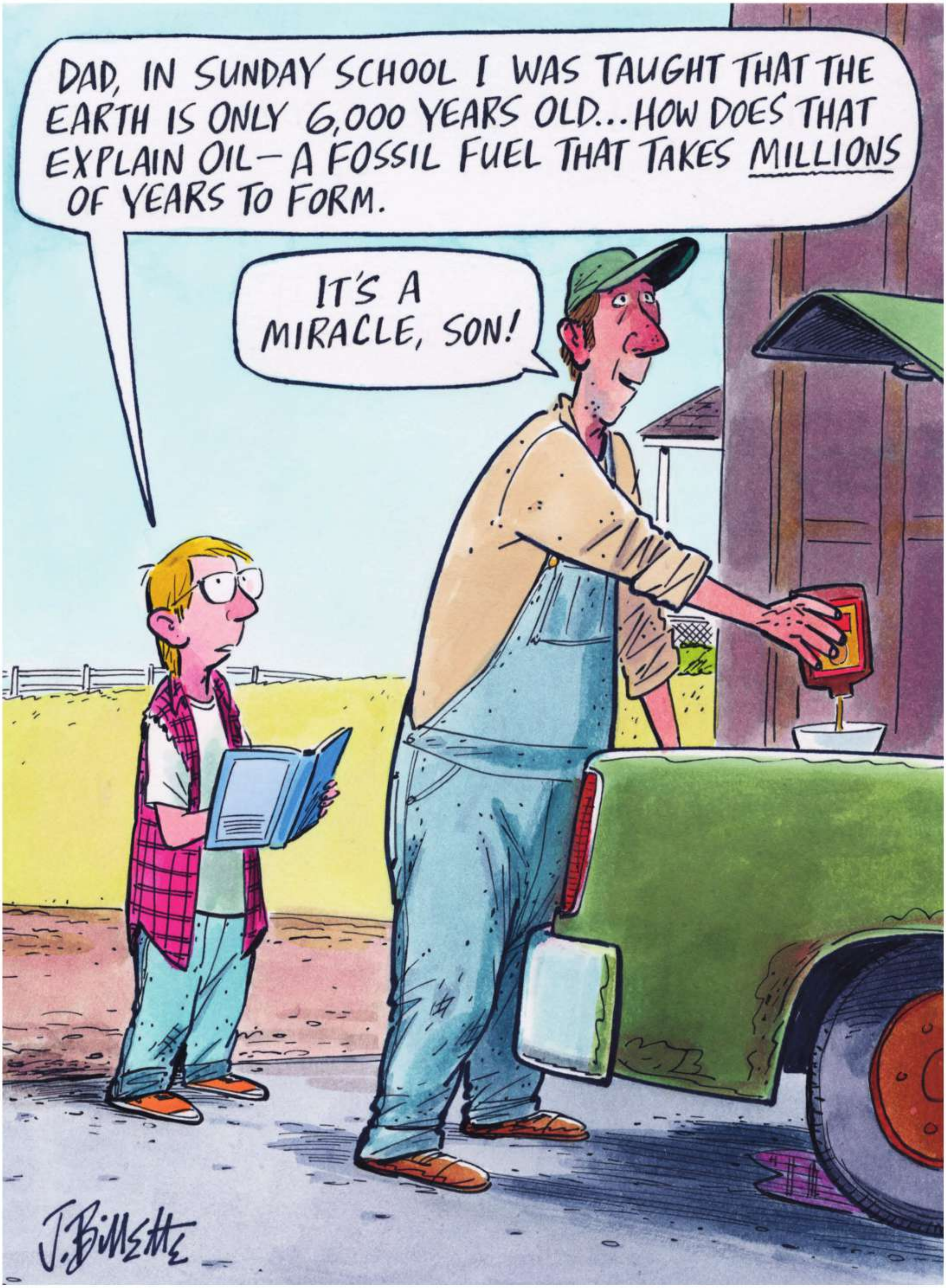
"I just got my first check for a million dollars," Larry told me shortly after my arrival. Until then the people working for the struggling entrepreneur had been running to the bank every payday hoping their checks would clear. That included the go-go girls who worked at the Hustler Club on the ground floor of the building we were in. You might think of that as a perk; what better way to end the workday than at the company's own titty bar for a couple of drinks and some friendly flirting? Unfortunately, I didn't have time for that, although one of the other editors apparently did. Replacing both of them became even more urgent as sales continued to climb. With what seemed like the whole world watching, we could no longer get away with doing things half-assed.

1975 **THE DECEMBER ISSUE FEATURES THE INTERRACIAL SPREAD "BUTCH: A BLACK STUD AND HIS GEORGIA PEACH," OUTRAGING AND AROUSING AMERICA'S RACISTS.**

The
Perfect
SEX
MATE

We finally found a few Ohio guys who had the goods. Then, when Francis Ford Coppola's *City* magazine folded in San Francisco, we scooped up three of their editors and an art director. One of the editors, Jim Heinisch, was from Ohio, so he knew what to expect in Columbus. But the other editors and the art director were about to discover they had moved to a city whose greatest cultural contribution was a Friday-night country-and-western show at a local theater.

There was one major plus to Ohio, however. Although the miniskirt craze had come and gone everywhere else—replaced by those horrible maxiskirts—no one had told the women in Ohio. They were convinced miniskirts were still in fashion no matter what you told them. I loved miniskirts. (*continued on page 75*)



DAD, IN SUNDAY SCHOOL I WAS TAUGHT THAT THE EARTH IS ONLY 6,000 YEARS OLD...HOW DOES THAT EXPLAIN OIL— A FOSSIL FUEL THAT TAKES MILLIONS OF YEARS TO FORM.
IT'S A MIRACLE, SON!
J. Billette

SIZE MATTERS!

Biggest Jackpots in LA

Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker

LARRY FLYNT'S
HUSTLER CASINO
LOS ANGELES

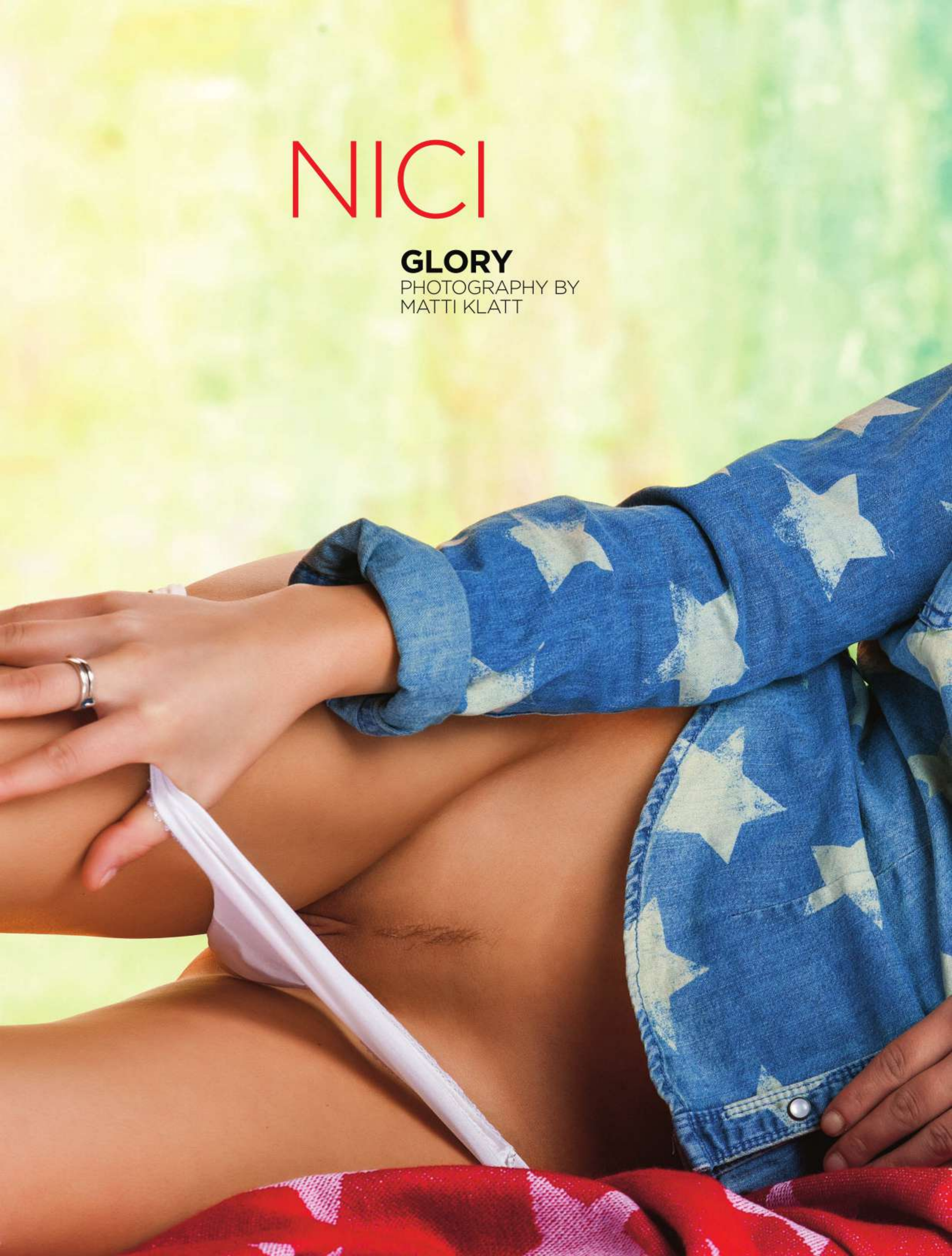
www.HustlerCasinoLA.com • 1000 W. Redondo Beach Blvd. Gardena, CA 90247 • 310.719.9800

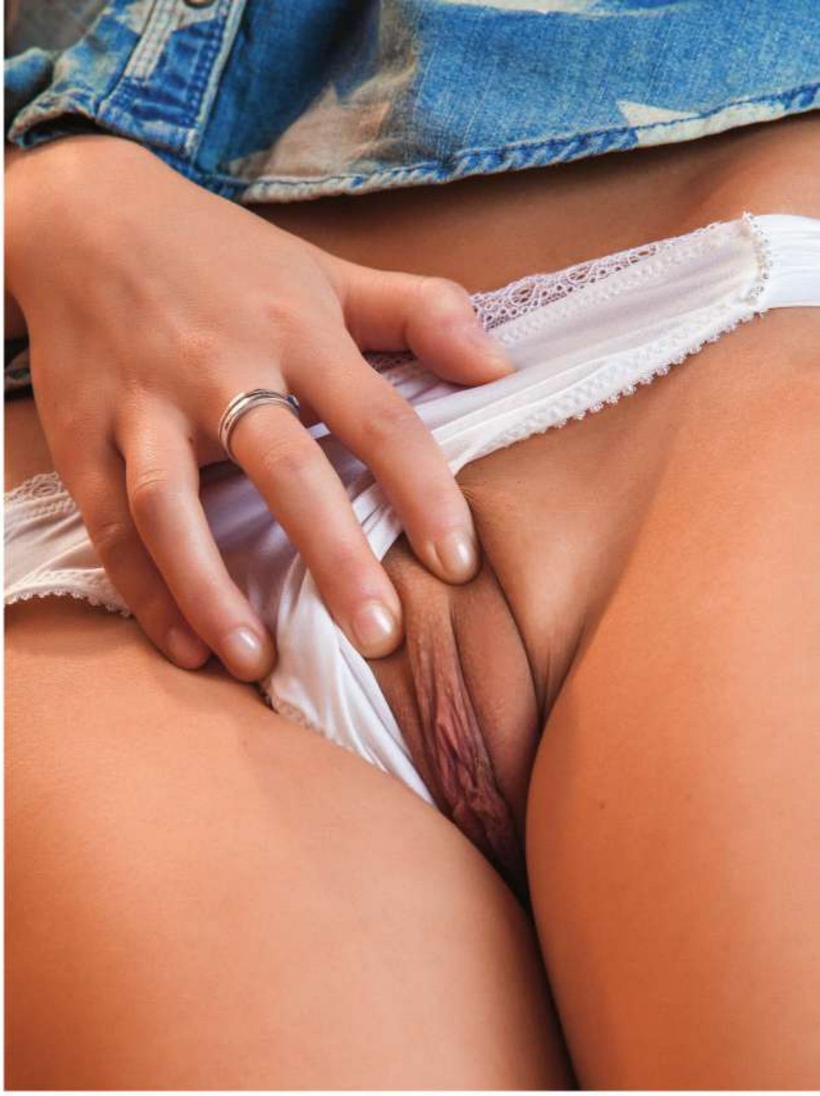
Must be 21 to visit casino. Play responsibly. Gambling Problem? Call 1-800-GAMBLER. 02.11.10

NICI

GLORY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MATTI KLATT





"To me, there's nothing more American than HUSTLER Magazine. So to celebrate 40 years of patriotism and pussy, I've decked myself out in red, white and blue to show my pink. Happy Anniversary, Mr. Flynt!"

NICI'S VITAL FACTS

ADOPTED HOMETOWN: **Columbus, Ohio** | AGE: **19** | HEIGHT: **5-3**
MEASUREMENTS: **36-24-35** | FAVORITE POSITION: **It's up to you!**

BELLE KNOX

DUKE UNIVERSITY'S SCANDAL STARLET

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILFERD GUENTHOER
INTERVIEW BY DAN KAPELOVITZ

Early this year the Duke University student body buzzed with a hot rumor: A bona fide hardcore starlet walked among them, meeting the school's exorbitant tuition fees by fucking on-camera. After the resourceful freshman was outed by a male student who saw some of her work online, the hating began. "She deserves to be raped" was one reaction, along with the usual brands of "slut" and "whore." Proudly owning her own scarlet letter, Duke's most scandalous pupil wrote a piece for xoJane.com responding to her bullies and revealing that her porn name was Belle Knox. The media storm built fast, with Knox soon landing on CNN's *Piers Morgan Live* and a slew of other outlets hungry for a clickable headline. Meet porn's new unofficial spokeswoman.

How did you start in porn?

I needed a way to pay tuition. My options were to take out loans and probably pay off my debt for decades, or pay the tuition on my own. I didn't think there were a lot of ways for me to do that with a normal job, so I was looking online at how much porn stars make, and I could tell that they were making more money. So I Googled "how to be a porn star" and submitted my photos to a bunch of agencies. Within days they were contacting me.

Did you watch porn when you were growing up?

Yeah, I watched porn all the time. When I was about 12, I got my own laptop, so that's when I was really able to start Googling porn. The first porn video I ever watched was a bunch of girls getting fingered in an orgy. I remember how it made my vagina really wet, so I basically was like, I want to keep watching porn. I love watching porn. My roommate has even walked in on me a few times. I try to make my porn and vibrator schedule match with her class schedule, but sometimes she comes back early and we have some awkward moments.

When you were growing up, did you ever think, *That's what I want to do for a living*?

As a teenager who was super horny, I totally wanted to do porn. I totally wanted to do some kind of sex work because it just seemed to be super fun to have sex with guys all the time, and there was something about the porn stars who I saw on the screen—they had kind of an empowerment to them, and their sexuality was really alluring to me. But of course I was always told that I needed to get a conventional job, so I never seriously considered being a sex worker.

>>

UKE

Do you have a favorite porn star?
Sasha Grey. She is 100% my idol because she is so fucking kinky and so naughty but also incredibly intelligent and also this incredible businesswoman. I feel like we would have amazing sex.

How did you come up with your porn name?
I got Belle from *Beauty and the Beast* and Knox from [accused murderer] Amanda Knox. I think Amanda Knox is a super-interesting person. I got really interested in her case, and I studied the evidence. She just really intrigues me because she's so intelligent and she has this sex appeal. I think there is something that happened that night, more than what she's telling. She's just an enigma to me. She really interests me.

How old were you when you lost your virginity?
I was 16 years old.

Do you ever use porn as a sex aid?
There is this stereotype that only men watch porn, so I was really shy to admit to my boyfriend that I loved watching porn. One day I got the courage and picked out my favorite video and showed it to him. I said this is what I want you to do to me. Then he did it. Porn, for me at least, is a really great way to spice up my sex life. >>

Psychology

DEFENDING PORNOGRAPHY
FREE SPEECH, SEX,
FIGHT FOR WOM
NADINE S
PROPERTY OF

How did you choose Duke? It has a reputation as a misogynist frat-boy college.

I didn't really know that it was such a fratty college. But when I visited there, I walked into the chapel, and I felt this very spiritual energy. I felt that I was meant to go to Duke. You could tell that the people who went there genuinely loved their school and believed in their school. I wanted to be a part of that.

Did you follow the lacrosse scandal?

Yeah, that was pretty bad. That's probably actually the reason why Duke has been so supportive with me because they don't want a repeat scandal.

What's the most ridiculous thing you read about yourself after you were outed?

There was something online that said I was a coke whore and that my mom used to read me the *Kama Sutra* when I was younger to teach me sex positions, which is totally racist just because my mom happens to be Indian. I've been getting a lot of anti-Semitic jokes and I'm not even Jewish. People are telling me I need to fix my Jew nose and making all of these terrible Jewish jokes to me.

Do your women's studies classes tackle porn?

One of the units that we are discussing right now is pornography. What people have to understand is that there are two very different schools of thought within feminism: You have the one school of feminists who think that porn is oppressive to women. That sex basically equates to rape, and that it is just a power play where men can oppress women. And then you have people like me who are sex-positive, kink-positive feminists who believe that sexual liberation is paramount to feminism and who believe that porn and sex work can be really empowering to women.

Would you consider escorting or feature dancing?

I would love to dance. I wouldn't do escorting because, sadly at this point in time, I feel that it isn't safe enough for me to do. I have so much respect for women who do prostitute themselves because it is so brave, and they are doing a really good service to the world. I respect them and I love them.

Sex workers are still viewed as the untouchables of society. We are not granted equal protection, and our dignity and rights are not respected or even acknowledged. I should not have to worry about getting a job in the future because I participated in a completely legal and regulated industry in order to pay my way through college. I am taking a stand against stigma, against the patriarchy and against a society that tells me I cannot possibly be both well-educated and a sex worker. I am going to achieve all of my dreams, and I will not let anyone stop me or slut-shame me. >>

> **“THE FIRST PORN VIDEO I EVER WATCHED WAS A BUNCH OF GIRLS GETTING FINGERED IN AN ORGY. I REMEMBER HOW IT MADE MY VAGINA REALLY WET, SO I BASICALLY WAS LIKE, I WANT TO KEEP WATCHING PORN. I LOVE WATCHING PORN.”**

Are you still in touch with the student who outed you?
No, absolutely not.

Did you see he got offered $10,000 to be in porn?
Yeah, but that offer was bullshit. The owner of that company isn’t even associated with the film they were referencing.

If someone offered you and him a lot of money to star in a film together, would you do that?
Never! Never!

So you're still mad at him.
Oh, I hate him.

But hasn't a lot of good come out of this?
I wouldn't say that. I think that what happened is akin to what happens when a gay person gets outed. I was outed super publicly, and I was outed in a way that I didn't want it to happen. I was outed in such a way where I didn't get to tell my family or my friends on my own time. I didn't get to tell people in my way. They just heard the version from him. So that to me was very upsetting. But I want to make it clear that I don't want people to harass the person who outed me.

Do other students ask you how they can get into the business?
Yes. I give them advice. I tell them how to be safe and how to have a great time in the industry. But I also caution them, that they will at some point be exposed and that they need to be prepared for the backlash like what I received. I wasn't prepared for it, and I really naively thought that no one would ever find out.

A lot of college girls do porn. Why do you think your story has gotten so much traction?
I think it's because it's Duke, and Duke is known for its scandals. And also I'm one of the first who's had a scandal like this happen who has actually stood up for herself and defended herself instead of hiding. I have gotten some criticism from people who say that I'm furthering the stereotype of porn as the "desperate exchange" because I talk about doing it to pay for tuition. I just want to clarify that I had other options. I could have taken out loans, but that was not my choice. My choice was to do porn. Porn was not my only option. I was not desperate. And I had other things I could have done, but porn in my opinion was my best option.

JESSIE ANDREWS

TIMELESS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
CHASE DIAMOND

I love creating, building and inspiring. All of those things excite me. I'd really love to accomplish complete happiness, with my body, mind and place in the world. One day I'd like to have sex in space. And if I could have one superpower, it would be time travel."

JESSIE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Miami, Florida** | AGE: **22** | HEIGHT: **5-9**
MEASUREMENTS: **34-25-35** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Reverse cowgirl**
WEBSITE: **JessieAndrewsOfficial.com**

Let's celebrate!
xoxo,
Jessie

HUSTLER®
HONEY

ANNIVERSARY 2014
CALL ME AT 1-800-HUSTLE

(1-800-487-8537)

CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER.
COST $3.99/MINUTE.

HUSTLER HUMOR CLASSICS

Miss Thompson walked into a bank, carrying a large paper bag filled with money. "Did you hoard all this money by yourself?" inquired the matronly teller.

"No," said the girl. "My sister whored half of it."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Alabama foreplay* as "Get in the truck, bitch."

A cop stopped Hank and was giving him a ticket for riding his horse downtown. Hank whispered in the horse's ear, and all of a sudden the horse got a huge boner. The policeman was amazed and asked Hank to talk to his horse again. The huge red horse cock stretched out once more, and the cop was visibly impressed.

"Tell me what you said to make the horse grow that hard-on, and I'll tear up your ticket," the cop said.

"That's real nice of you, Officer. What I said was, 'All cops are cocksuckers!'"

Finishing a prepared statement, the blustering politician threw the press conference open for questions.

"Is it true you were born in a log cabin?" one sarcastic reporter asked.

"You're thinking of Abraham Lincoln," the politician answered. "I was born in a manger."

A filthy, wheezing bum asked a passing man for $5. "Will you buy booze with the money?" the man asked.

"Nope," the hobo promised.

"Will you gamble it away?" the passerby inquired.

"Unh-unh," the beggar shook his head.

"Will you wager it on football games?" the man demanded.

"No," the bum replied. "I don't even watch football."

"Okay," the man said. "I'll give you $5, but only if you come home with me so my wife can see what happens to a man who doesn't drink, gamble or watch football."

The golf nut arrived home three hours late from his weekly game looking utterly disgusted and completely exhausted. He dragged himself inside the house, flopped into his favorite chair and asked his wife for a strong drink.

"That's the last time I play with George!" he fumed. "The man has absolutely no consideration for his fellow golfers!"

"Wow! You're pretty angry," the wife said. "What did he do?"

"The inconsiderate prick had a heart attack on the fourth hole," exclaimed the golfer. "For the rest of the day it was hit the ball, drag George, hit the ball, drag George..."

Question: Why is it that California has the most lawyers and New Jersey has the most toxic-waste dumps?

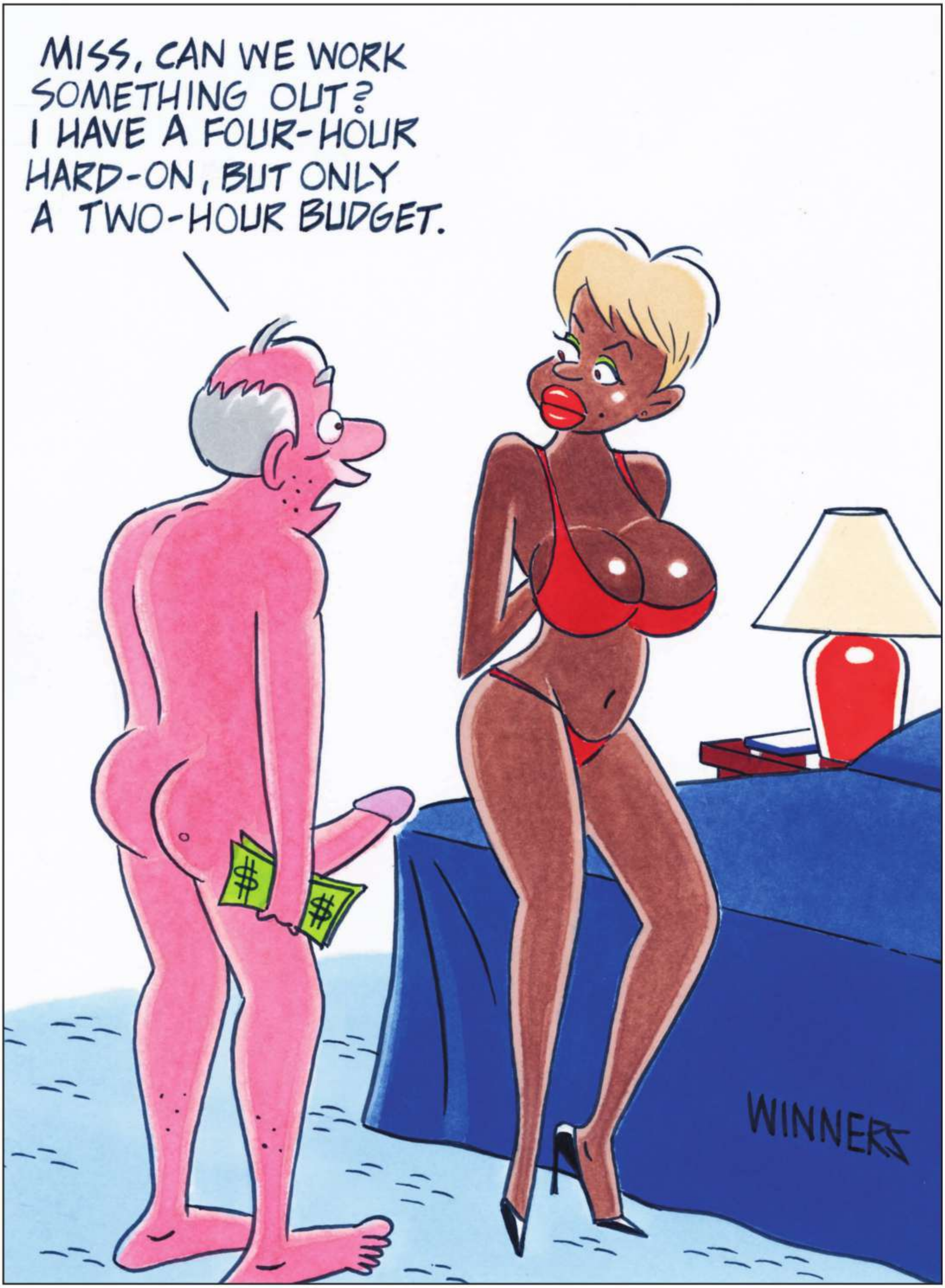
Answer: New Jersey had first choice.

After hearing some new words on the playground, a young boy went to his mom and asked her what a pussy was. His mom opened up the encyclopedia and showed him a picture of a cat. Then he asked her what a bitch was. She showed him a picture of a female dog.

Confused by her answers, he went to his father and asked him was a pussy was. His father grabbed a HUSTLER and circled the area between a woman's legs.

"Well, what's a bitch then?" asked the boy.

"Everything outside of the circle," replied the dad.


MISS, CAN WE WORK SOMETHING OUT? I HAVE A FOUR-HOUR HARD-ON, BUT ONLY A TWO-HOUR BUDGET.
WINNERS

HUSTLER
PERSONALS
Stop wasting time and cash in bars

Start Chatting

We've found really great, cute girls
who just want the same thing you do...
TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.

Chat With
REAL GIRLS NOW
right in your area

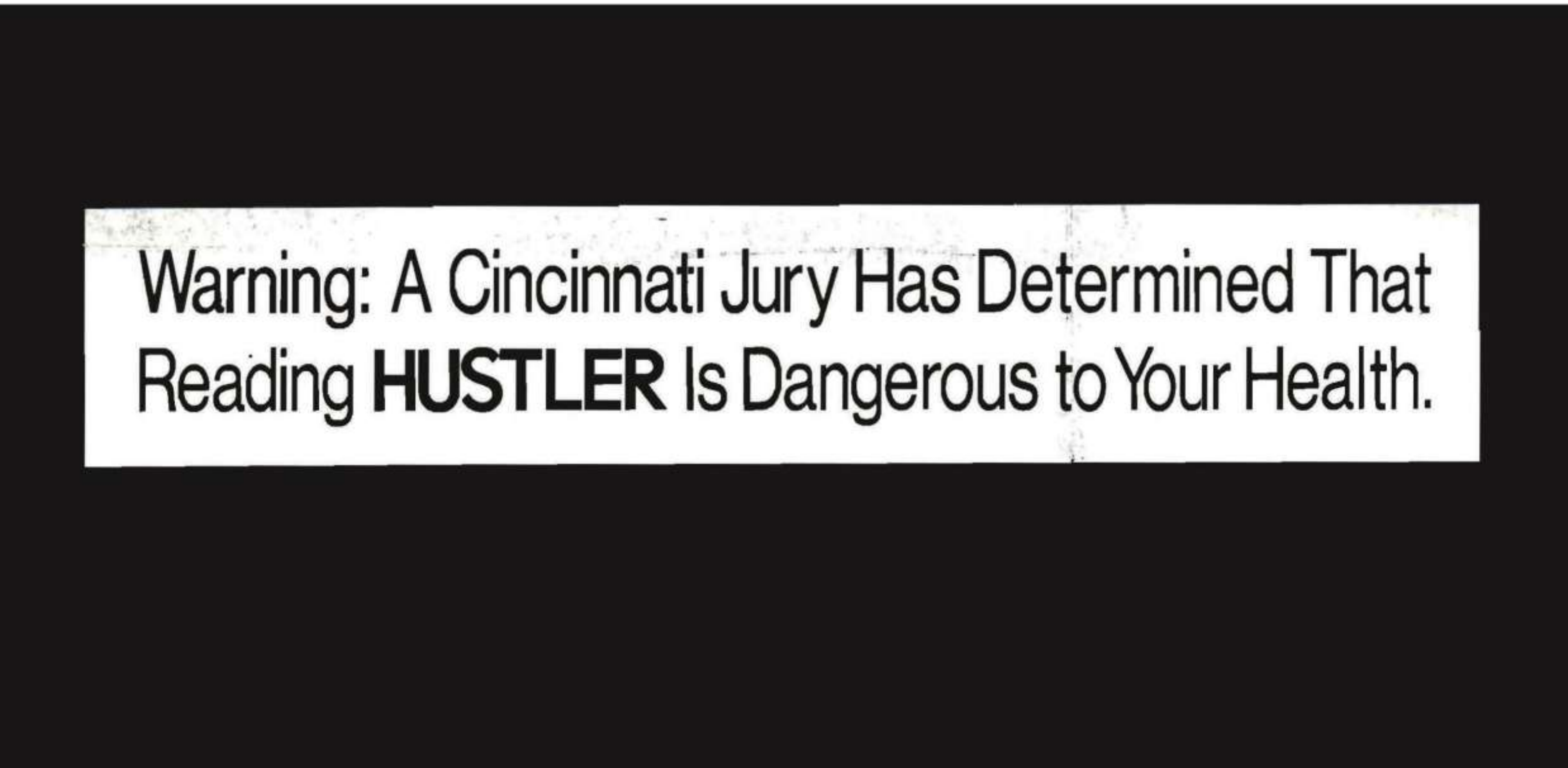
Elle
818-3?4-23??

COME INSIDE
Its time to make things Personal.

CLASSIC SPREADS THAT MADE A SPLASH: “KNOTTY LADY,” OCTOBER ’79; “BARE BEAVER,” MARCH ’76

1978 NOT LONG AFTER SAYING HE’S A BORN-AGAIN CHRISTIAN, LARRY FLYNT IS GUNNED DOWN IN GEORGIA. THE SELF-CONFESSED SHOOTER LATER SAYS HE WAS ENRAGED BY HUSTLER’S EMBRACE OF INTERRACIAL SEX.

BACK COVER, JUNE ‘77



Warning: A Cincinnati Jury Has Determined That Reading **HUSTLER** Is Dangerous to Your Health.

(*continued from page 34*)

THE EXPENDABLES

The *City* magazine art director was the first to crack. I found him sobbing at his desk the day he finally quit. Next was our copy editor, a nice, smart if very sensitive young man who made a serious contribution to cleaning up our content. While at lunch he saw a woman jump off a bridge into the Scioto River…to her death. He only came back to the office to clean out his desk. Fortunately, his assistant, Morgen Hagen, filled the breach with ease. He remains with the magazine to this very day. [Read Morgen's own HUSTLER recollections in "Neverending Panty Raid," starting on page 88.]

By now we were getting plenty of media attention, including a very positive *60 Minutes* piece. (Larry was—and still is—a master at handling the media.) Suddenly people were actively seeking employment with us. Not the locals, who for the most part still saw us as an embarrassment, but writers and editors from out of state. Larry even hired an editor away from *Playboy*, Don Myrus. But he didn't last very long either.

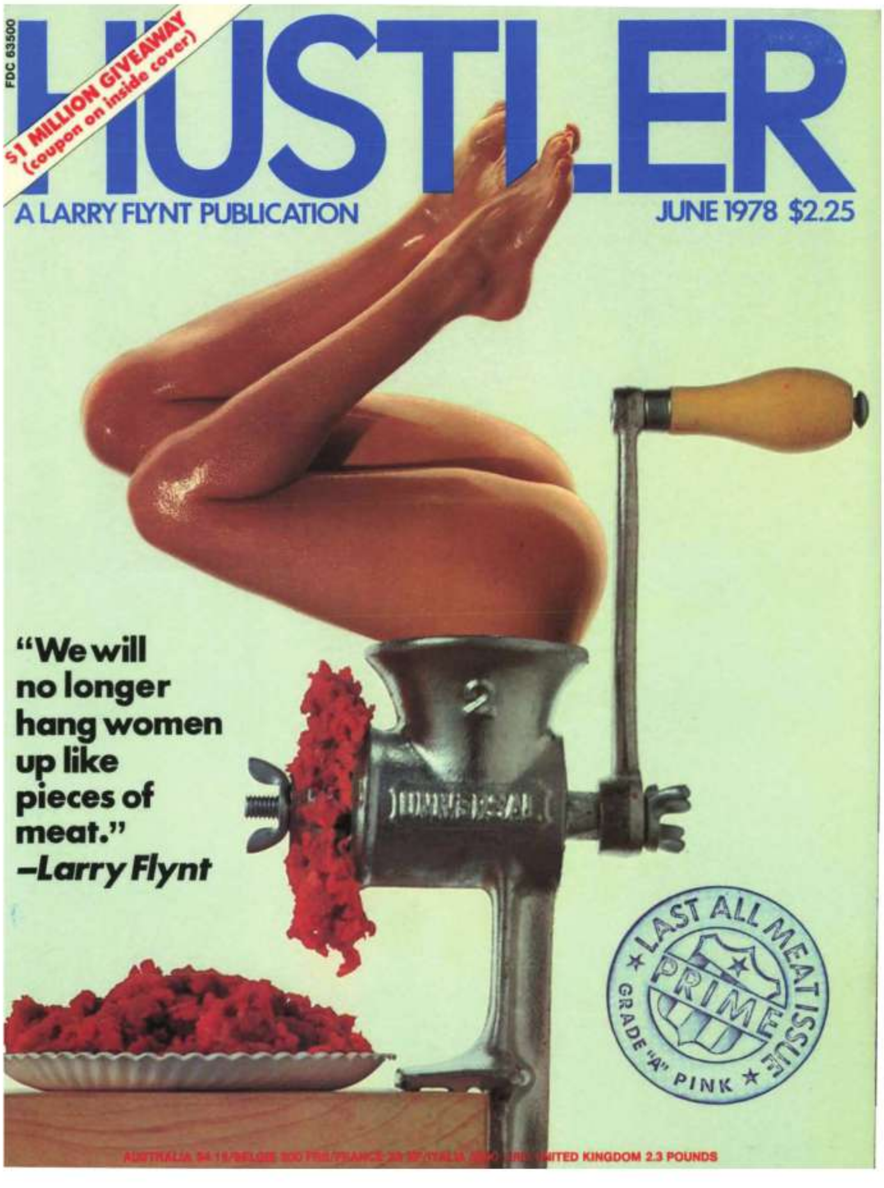
Larry wasn't the easiest person to please. Although I always found that if you were honest and made sense, he was a pussycat. If you screwed up, on the other hand, you'd know about it. I don't know what set the boss off on one particular day back in '76, but all the top executives were summoned to the conference room where Larry, without singling any one of us out, made it clear in a blistering tirade that we were all expendable. Underscoring his point, he said, "If any one of you doesn't like what I just said, you can get the hell out of here now." To my dismay, Myrus jumped up, snapped, "You got it," and stormed out the door. What made the former *Playboy* editor's response so surprising was that, having just sold his house in Chicago, he was already in the process of relocating his family to Columbus.

A few hours later I stumbled upon Myrus wandering the HUSTLER hallways. "What did I do?" the wild-eyed editor asked. That was when I coined the term *Larry shock*, two words I would use frequently in the coming months and years. Larry could always be counted on to do things his way, regardless of what others thought. This had a tendency to freak people out.

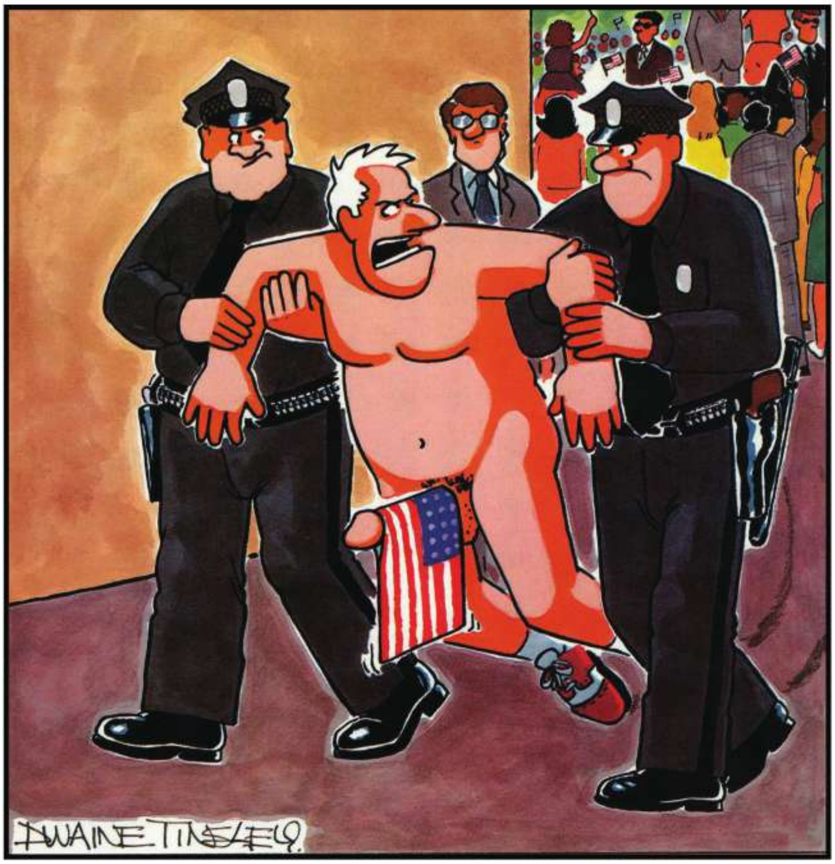
One editor, assigned with the task of putting out a new magazine called *Sex Play*, told Larry it was a bad idea and wouldn't work. Larry fired him on the spot. Larry shock. When one of his top executives started dating a HUSTLER secretary, Larry let the guy know that he, Larry Flynt, was the only person in the company who could date employees. Larry shock. But that was small potatoes compared to Larry's decision to have James Baes shoot a life-size centerfold of Jesus Christ and Mary Magdalene (with Mary's legs spread wide as the Lincoln Tunnel). Double Larry shock. Or the time when he announced—after flying evangelist Ruth Carter Stapleton, President Jimmy Carter's sister, across country on his private jet—that he had become a born-again Christian. Larry shock times infinity. >>

> *"No one made you read this magazine. You have chosen to do so because it is your right as provided you by the Constitution of the United States."*
> —PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT, MARCH '75

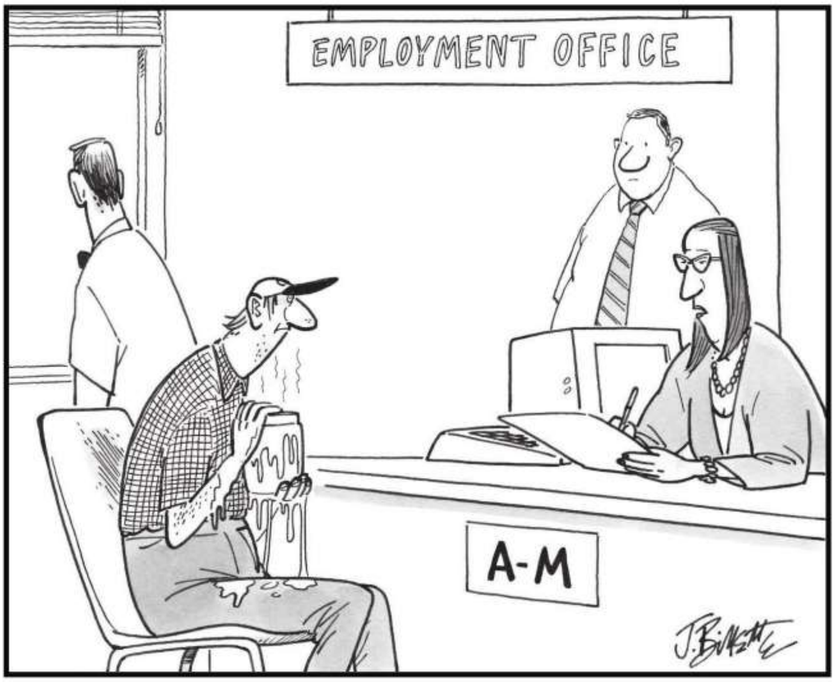
19
78 **IN A LANDMARK YEAR HUSTLER MOVES TO BEVERLY HILLS AND PUBLISHES ITS MOST INFAMOUS IMAGES YET, INCLUDING THE MEAT GRINDER COVER.**



THE CONTROVERSIAL CARTOON SERIES *CHESTER THE MOLESTER* (LATER *CHESTER & HESTER*) OUTRAGED THE NATION FROM 1977 TO 2001.



"Jeez! This country's *really* goin' to the dogs when a fellow can't do a little creative flag-waving!"



"Mr. Finkle, I've searched our entire database, and I can assure you that there are no positions listed for a full-time sperm donor."

TRANSFORMER

It was a wild ride, and it would get even wilder, first when Larry was indicted on obscenity charges in Cincinnati, Ohio, then a few years later when he got shot and almost died. With the obscenity charges, Larry stood to serve 25 years if convicted. To say tensions were high is a gross understatement. But that was nothing compared to the day he got shot. I was in my office meeting with some staffers when the HUSTLER receptionist called with the news, her voice trembling. I repeated her words, "Larry's been shot," out loud in numb disbelief. Everyone stared at me as if I had suddenly grown a second head. No one in the company would be unaffected by this event.

Althea, despite her pain and anger—anger that someone had dared to shoot her husband—would have to summon all her inner strength to guide us through this nightmare scenario, even as she maintained a bedside vigil at the Atlanta, Georgia, hospital where Larry fought for his life. With the shooting, all lines of credit dried up. Overextended, the magazine was threatened with bankruptcy. I had to fire nine people in my department in a single day. Morale was, understandably, at an all-time low. But Althea made all the right decisions, safely navigating us through those dark days.

19
78

"THE RAPE OF JUSTICE," OCTOBER '78

LARRY AND ALTHEA, 1978

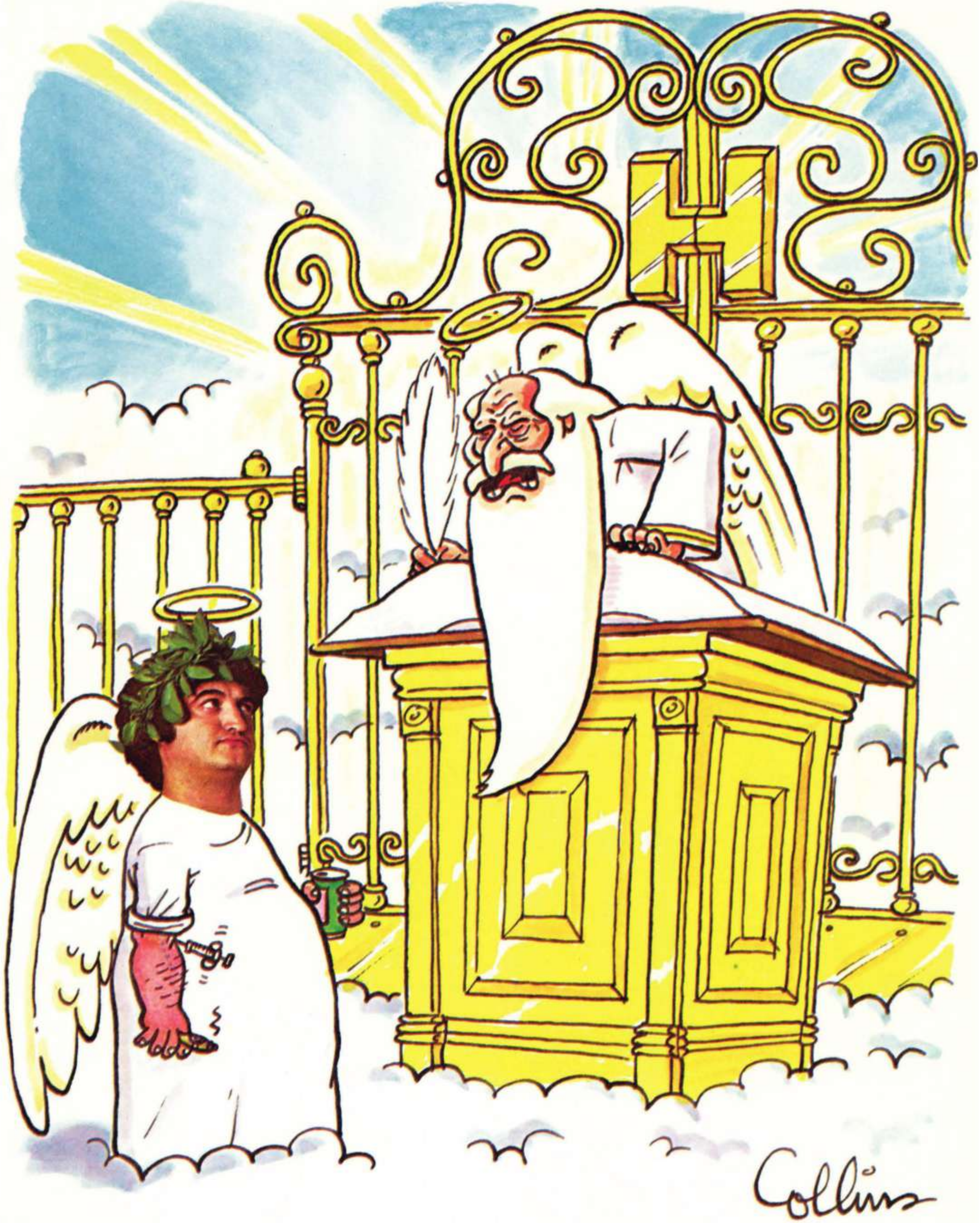
> *“Even though I have been crippled, I am not intimidated by the people who shot me. I will continue to fight for what I believe in even if I have to stop another assasin’s bullet as a result.”*
>
> —PUBLISHER’S STATEMENT
> “GLAD TO BE BACK,” OCTOBER ’78

Of course nothing was the same after that. Until the shooting, we had all been children playing a very risky game, but having fun nonetheless. After the shooting we were forced to grow up. Things got deadly serious if no less crazy. But my admiration for Larry only continued to grow as I watched him struggle through his recovery and addiction (due to the painkillers he was forced to take) to ultimately build his enormous empire.

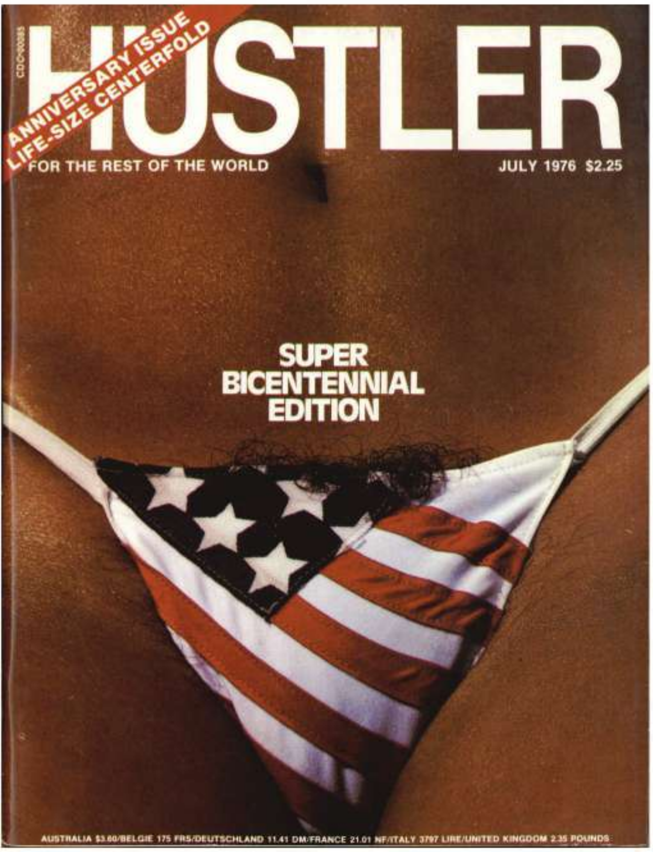
“Larry is a constantly changing mutant,” I had written while covering the HUSTLER obscenity trial in Cincinnati. By that I meant he had an uncanny ability to absorb information and transform himself. Through it all he never lost that knack, going from hillbilly to businessman to publisher to First Amendment crusader to visionary to mogul. Today he is a man at the very pinnacle of his achievements, comfortable in the halls of power he now inhabits, totally in charge of his life and destiny. H

HUSTLER LAUNCHES INVESTIGATIONS INTO CONSPIRACIES BEHIND THE KILLINGS OF JFK AND OTHERS. THE MAG GOES ON TO QUESTION OFFICIAL VERSIONS OF LATER EVENTS, INCLUDING KOREAN AIR FLIGHT 007 AND 9/11.

NOTHING SACRED! THIS CARTOON FROM OCTOBER '82, APPEARED JUST MONTHS AFTER JOHN BELUSHI GOOFBALLED FOR GOOD.



"You could have been one of the greatest! You could have left that junk alone! But *no-o-o-o!!!*"


HUSTLER
ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
LIFE-SIZE CENTERFOLD
FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD
JULY 1976 $2.25
SUPER BICENTENNIAL EDITION
AUSTRALIA $3.60/BELGIE 175 FRS/DEUTSCHLAND 11.41 DM/FRANCE 21.01 NF/ITALY 3797 LIRE/UNITED KINGDOM 2.35 POUNDS

"GOLDEN SHOWERS," JUNE '86 (LEFT); "SHANA: SNAKE CHARMER," APRIL '83 (TOP); "FELICIA AND GINA: IT'S THE CLIT, STUPID," MARCH '01

FLYNT LEAKS A TAPE OF THE FBI HARASSING CARMAKER JOHN DELOREAN. ORDERED TO REVEAL HIS SOURCE, FLYNT SHOWS UP IN COURT IN AN AMERICAN FLAG DIAPER AND LEAVES WITH A 15-MONTH PRISON SENTENCE.

SLEAZE, LEGA

L.A.'S DOPEST ATTORNEY DELIVERS A PERSONAL ODE TO LARRY FLYNT'S LEGAL ODYSSEY AND WHAT IT MEANS TO WORKADAY DEFENDERS.

BY ALLISON B. MARGOLIN

WITH J. RAZA LAWRENCE

On a sunny California day in 1998 I was home from college, visiting my mom and grandmother. We happened to be standing in the parking lot of the distinctive black oval building on the edge of Beverly Hills known as the "Flynt Building." (Larry had moved his headquarters there a few years previously.) It was a weird time. The country had been whipped into a frenzy by the Republican attempt to impeach Bill Clinton for lying about an Oval Office blowjob from White House intern Monica Lewinsky. (Lewinsky and I, by the way, had gone to the same high school.)

Flynt, a die-hard Democrat, had responded to the Clinton-Lewinsky witchhunt with some choice checkbook journalism, exposing the infidelities of impeachment committee member Bob Livingston, a right-wing Congressman from Louisiana. The hypocrite (a breed Flynt particularly detests) resigned in disgrace.

Standing there in the shadow of HUSTLER headquarters that day in the wake of the Livingston payback, my mom said to me, "Larry Flynt is our family's political hero." A man who publishes spread shots of naked women is our family's hero? How did this happen?

LIFE WITH LAWYERS

I remember that moment in Beverly Hills because it brings together many strands of my life and career that still continue today. Just as I seemed destined to pursue a career in law, my path is also strangely interwoven with a growing affinity and appreciation of Larry Flynt's actions and legal precedents. For one thing, I knew what it was like to live your life with one or more lawyers at your side.

I come from a long line of rabid Progressives, many of whom—like both my parents—have been attorneys. My 85-year-old cousin once called a radio station saying Republicans did not deserve to live. My grandmother, a Polish Holocaust survivor, grew up in a Socialist environment that tolerated abortion and prostitution. She embraced capitalism, but could never stand closed-mindedness and greed.

My mom wanted to be a criminal defense lawyer ever since she watched Perry Mason on TV in the late '50s. She grew up in a nation whose

HUSTLER PUBLISHES A PARODY AD WITH EVANGELIST JERRY FALWELL RECALLING HIS "FIRST TIME" WITH HIS OWN MOTHER. THE SPOOF LEADS TO A HISTORIC 1988 SUPREME COURT RULING IN FLYNT'S FAVOR.

concept of justice was molded by the Supreme Court under Chief Justice Earl Warrren. The Warren Court reigned over a broad regime of beneficial criminal justice reforms, most famously the "Miranda warnings" that forced police to inform suspects of their basic Constitutional rights. It's hard to believe that the now-familiar phrase, "You have the right to remain silent" is such a recent achievement.

STRAIGHT TALK

When I was little, I was afraid of my dad's office. He was a criminal defense lawyer and when I thought of criminals, it was kidnappers in creepy vans. I thought they would get me; and during my youth I had to endure threats on my life and on that of my parents. After they were divorced, my mom ventured into the even more treacherous universe [illegible] family la[illegible] [illegible] moved her offices to what later became the Flynt Building, where I still have offices today.

LESE & HOW TO HUSTLE THE COURT

OUTRAGEOUS CONDUCT

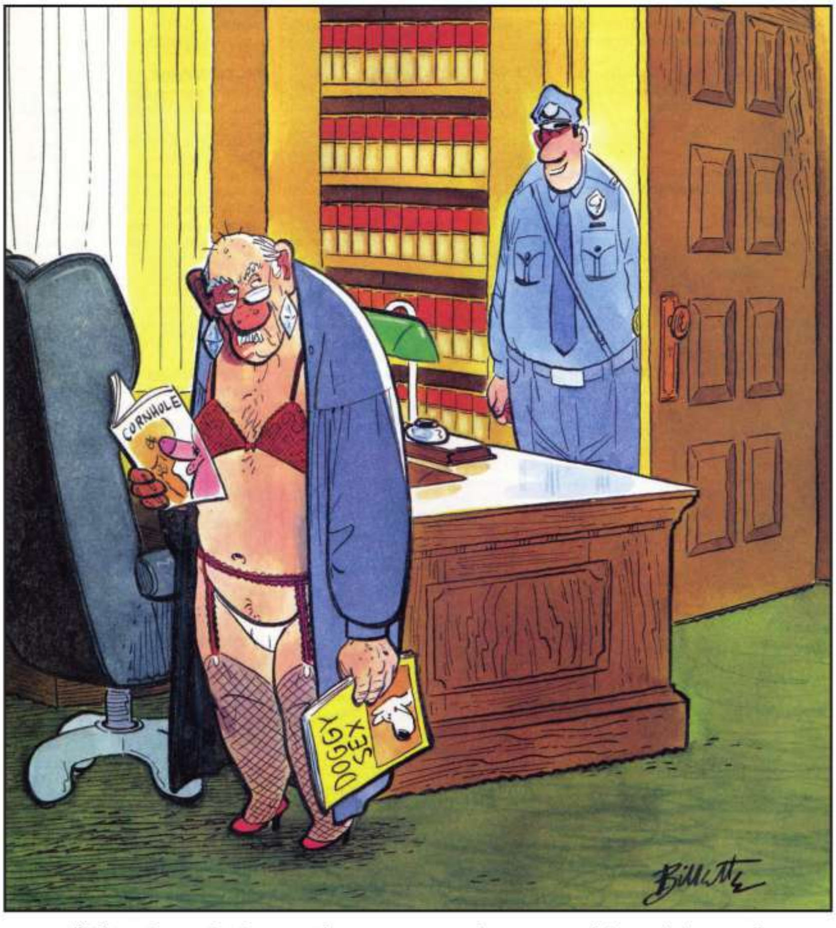
By the time Larry hit his stride in the '80s, things had changed. The stakes of stirring up trouble in the Age of Reagan were high. In 1983, I was just six years old, but the consequences of what Larry was doing would define my generation. That year, he leaked FBI surveillance tapes of carmaker John DeLorean, who was being prosecuted for trafficking cocaine. The tape ultimately led to DeLorean's acquittal. Flynt was able to intervene in a human being's life and influence his fate.

A lot of people think Larry is nothing more than a smut peddler. He is a smut peddler. But he also operates on a higher level, with his outrageous conduct often setting important legal precedents and expanding all our freedoms. I think Larry does what he does because he's a true humanitarian, even if he's also stubborn and likes the attention. I am also fully aware that his legal battles are aimed at protecting his business and allowing him to keep making money at what he does. But whatever his internal motivations, his strategy has a way of setting important precedents for how citizens express themselves and how we lawyers can defend them.

The most famous case of that, of course, is *Hustler Magazine* v. *Falwell.* HUSTLER ran a parody ad depicting the Reverend Jerry Falwell reminiscing about his "first time" with his own mother in an outhouse. The case went all the way to the conservative Supreme Court under Justice William Rehnquist. In a surprise unanimous opinion, it ruled that parodies of public figures are protected by the First Amendment even if they cause emotional distress. Or, as Larry puts it, "If you're not going to offend anybody, you don't need the First Amendment." Again, in our age of *Saturday Night Live* and *The Daily Show*, it's hard to believe our common history is so recent. We can legally poke fun at politicians and celebrities thanks to a battle between a pornographer and an evangelist over a dirty joke. It's typical of Larry to preserve freedom in such an unseemly way.

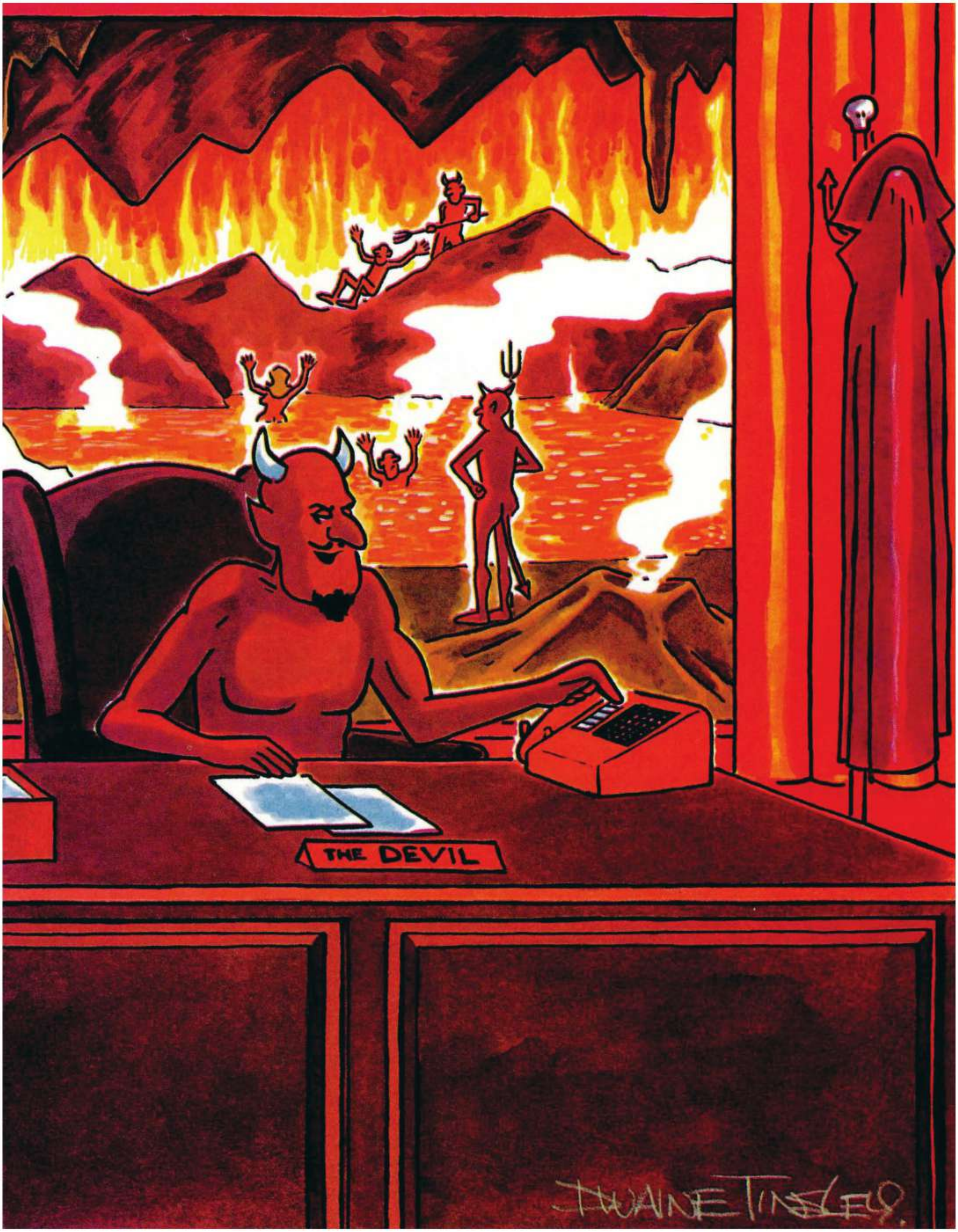
As I grew up, I quickly learned about the kind of miscarriages of justice typified by bad government policy such as the drug war, a cause that has formed the basis of my career. I grew to learn that the people we brand as criminals are not all violent or sex offenders. More often than not they're people who have different views of normality and different ways of experiencing the mysteries of life. **>>**

CLASSIC CARTOON, PUBLISHED JANUARY '85



"The jury is in on that perversion case, Your Honor."

CARTOON PUBLISHED JANUARY '84, IN THE MIDST OF HUSTLER'S BATTLE AGAINST EVANGELIST JERRY FALWELL


THE DEVIL
DWAINE TINSLEY

"Send Falwell in when he gets here. I want to see the look on the fucker's face."

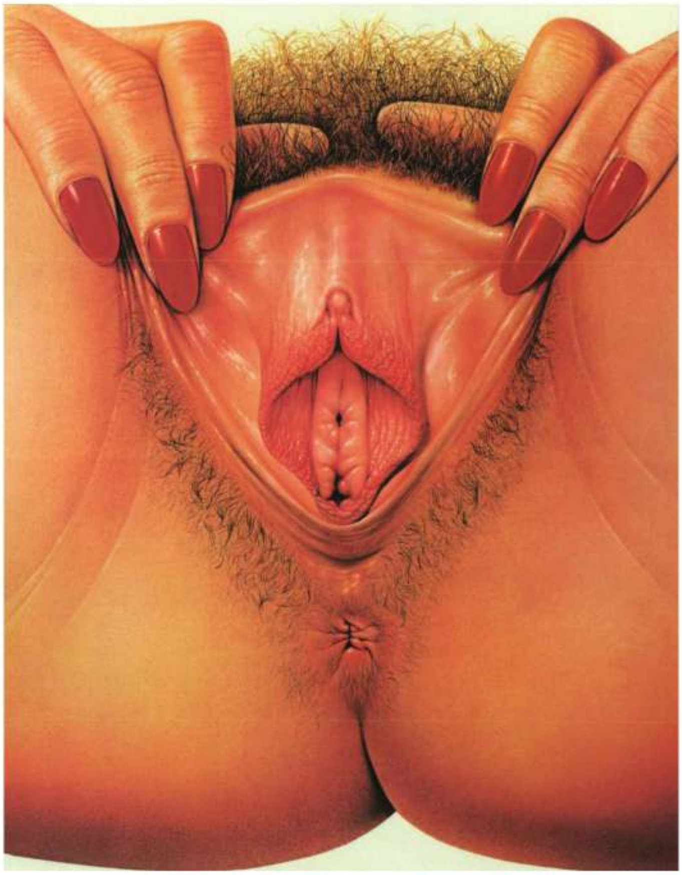
I've come to observe firsthand how the forces of injustice can mutilate a person's life and happiness. It's hard to not just buckle under and avoid trouble. Larry Flynt is a role model for people like me because he boldly immerses himself in our culture in a nontraditional but highly influential way, exposing the truth and leveling the legal playing field.

Most recently, I was impressed with Larry's outspokenness on the issue of capital punishment, which both he and I agree is a barbaric, expensive and wholly ineffective activity that no advanced society should practice.

When white supremacist serial killer Joseph Paul Franklin—who admitted to shooting and paralyzing Larry—was scheduled to die by lethal injection, Larry loudly opposed the execution. In doing so, he was able to use the powerful image of his own body, paralyzed and confined to a wheelchair, to drive home an important point about a major failing in our justice system that has to be fixed. "I have had many years in this wheelchair to think about this topic'" he said. "As I see it, the sole motivating factor behind the death penalty is vengeance, not justice."

It is that kind of straight talk and clear thinking that inspires lawyers like me, who too often find themselves mired in equivocation and legalese. Our laws are organic and subject to interpretation. It takes unique people like Flynt to keep them evolving in a fair and humane direction.

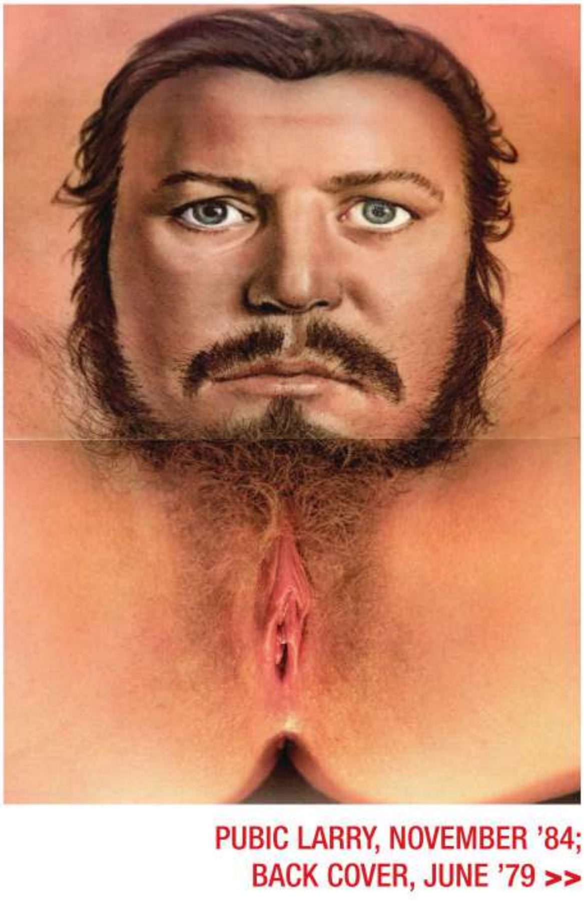
That is how a man who publishes spread shots of naked women became a hero to a family of lawyers. H

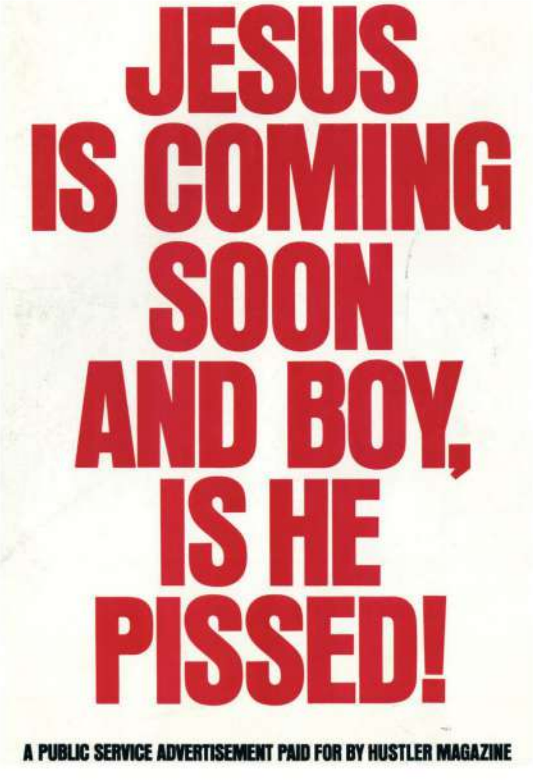


CLASSIC ALEX EBEL ILLUSTRATION, MARCH '78

19
96

THE HOLLYWOOD BIOPIC *THE PEOPLE VS. LARRY FLYNT* STARRING WOODY HARRELSON HITS MOVIE SCREENS AND RACKS UP AWARDS. THE FORMER MOONSHINE RUNNER BECOMES A LIVING LEGEND.

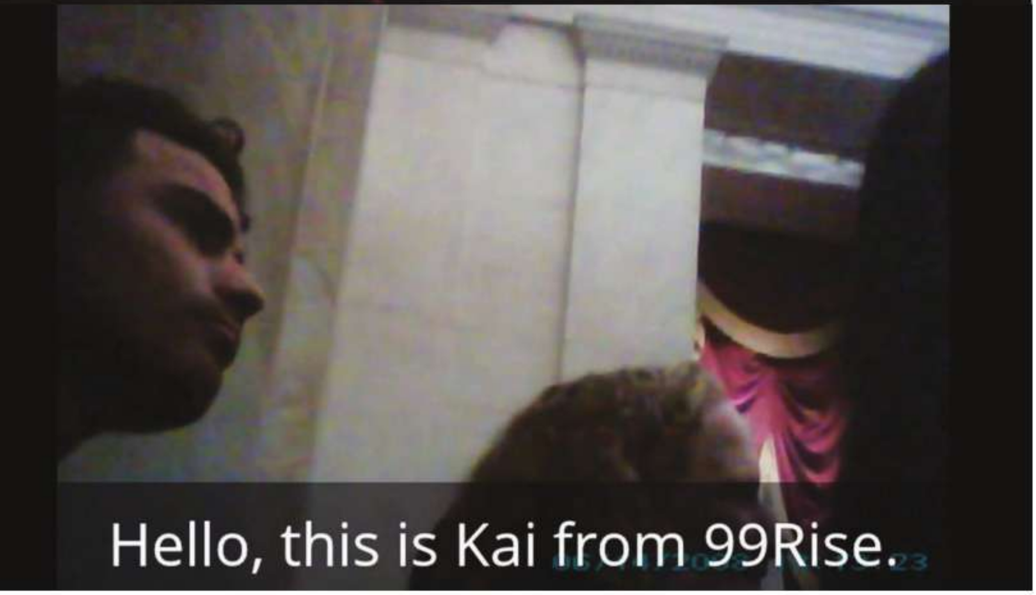




JESUS
IS COMING
SOON
AND BOY,
IS HE
PISSED!

A PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISEMENT PAID FOR BY HUSTLER MAGAZINE

PUBIC LARRY, NOVEMBER '84;
BACK COVER, JUNE '79 >>


Hello, this is Kai from 99Rise.

On February 26, 2014, a young activist made history when he stood up and interrupted the Supreme Court in the name of the American people. It was the court's first protest in eight years and the first time anyone had dared to videotape the justices at work.

WHY I DID IT

BY NOAH "KAI" NEWKIRK

Maybe we should come back tomorrow and try this, I thought. Sitting in the inner sanctum of America's highest court, in a chamber never before made visible to the world in video or even color photographs, I struggled to summon the courage to do what I had come to: stand and interrupt the Supreme Court of the United States.

As I waited that February morning, listening to oral arguments about an obscure patent-law case and taking in the room around me—the high, ornate ceiling, the giant red curtains and marble figures towering above the bench—the reality and gravity of the institution I had entered intruded on my thoughts.

I didn't want to have to interrupt these people, Ginsburg and Sotomayor and Breyer, their actual presence becoming real as each justice spoke for the first time. I felt the deference that our highest court should deserve from every citizen. Yes, We the People should see the court as ours and the justices as our champions—ensuring that the law is on our side.

Back in the real world of the Roberts court, I focused on the people for whom I was there to stand up, who the court's elitist majority had betrayed, and who I was determined not to let down. Finally, my cue came, and with a quick count of 1-2-3, I stood to speak. "I rise on behalf of the vast majority of the American people," I declared in a brief protest captured on unprecedented video, "who believe that money is not speech, that corporations are not people and that our democracy should not be for sale to the highest bidder."

Then came the Court's latest shotgun blast to the near-dead body of our democracy. On April 2, five weeks to the day after my protest, we learned that despite a steadily growing national outcry in response to its disastrous *Citizens United* ruling in 2010, the radical corporatist majority of our Supreme Court was determined to continue its assault on the last shreds of egalitarian restraint on the dominance of big money in our politics. Ruling on the *McCutcheon* v. *Federal Election Commission* case, the Court struck down the aggregate limits on the total amount of money billionaires can spend to buy political power from candidates and parties.

> “*You’re nothing but eight assholes and a token cunt!*
> —LARRY FLYNT ADDRESSING THE SUPREME COURT, 1983”

As Stephen Breyer wrote in his dissent, the *McCutcheon* decision “undermines, perhaps devastates, what remains of campaign-finance reform.” American law, he said, is now “incapable of dealing with the grave problems of democratic legitimacy.” Justice Breyer is right. This is very bad news. But let’s be honest: The Court’s 5-4 decision should come as no surprise. I glimpsed a small sign of this deeply elitist contempt for political equality when I rose to disrupt the court’s session that day. In the 15 seconds that I spoke, before security dragged me out of the chamber, I didn't notice much beyond the shifting of people around me and onrushing officers—but I did see Justice Antonin “I don’t think $3.5 million is a heck of a lot of money” Scalia lean back and faintly smirk.

Yes, we all should have seen this shameful decision coming. I’m no legal expert, but any American should need exactly zero scholarly explanation to see it for exactly what it is: *Citizens United* 2.0—a “floodgate,” as Breyer put it, now opened for potentially billions more dollars from a tiny slice of the wealthiest 1% of Americans to drown our democracy.

In its complex argument, the Roberts majority states that “the possibility that an individual who spends large sums may garner ‘influence over or access to’ elected officials or political parties” is not a problem of corruption. But when members of Congress spend 30-70% of their time raising money from a fraction of the 1%, when billionaires and corporations can spend millions of dollars—often undisclosed—to empower or destroy candidates for office, the simple truth is this: The big-money corruption of our political system is so profound that we can no longer seriously claim to be a functional democratic republic.

19
98
LARRY FLYNT OFFERS A MILLION DOLLARS FOR EVIDENCE OF REPUBLICAN SEXUAL HYPOCRISY, ULTIMATELY FORCING HIGH-RANKING CONGRESSMAN BOB LIVINGSTON TO RESIGN.

20
07
FLYNT AGAIN OFFERS CASH FOR POLITICAL DIRT, EXPOSING GOP SENATOR DAVID VITTER’S LINK TO THE D.C. MADAM AND PUBLISHING NAKED PHOTOS OF HIS NEW ORLEANS HOOKER OF CHOICE.

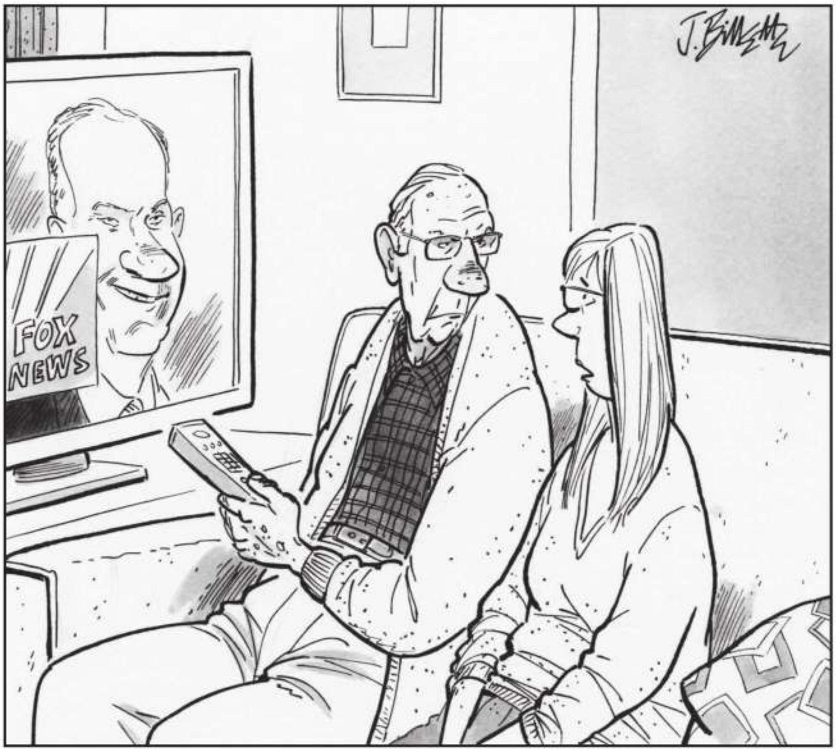
We celebrate the principle of political equality, of “one person, one vote.” But the new rule is “one dollar, one vote,” and it is a recipe for plutocracy. This was essentially true before *Citizens United*, painfully obvious after; and now, in *McCutcheon*’s wake, it is beyond rational argument. For a nation riven by historic economic disparity, with a generation poised to be the first to fall behind its parents, the loss of real democratic power for the vast majority of citizens is an existential crisis.

What can we do? To start, we can stand up and say no. Some have said to me that disrupting the Supreme Court—or any activism targeting it—serves only to harden the elitist majority’s stance. Perhaps. But there comes a time when we can no longer just defer to the institutions governing us, when the failure of those institutions demands that we stand up as citizens and take nonviolent action—no matter the cost.

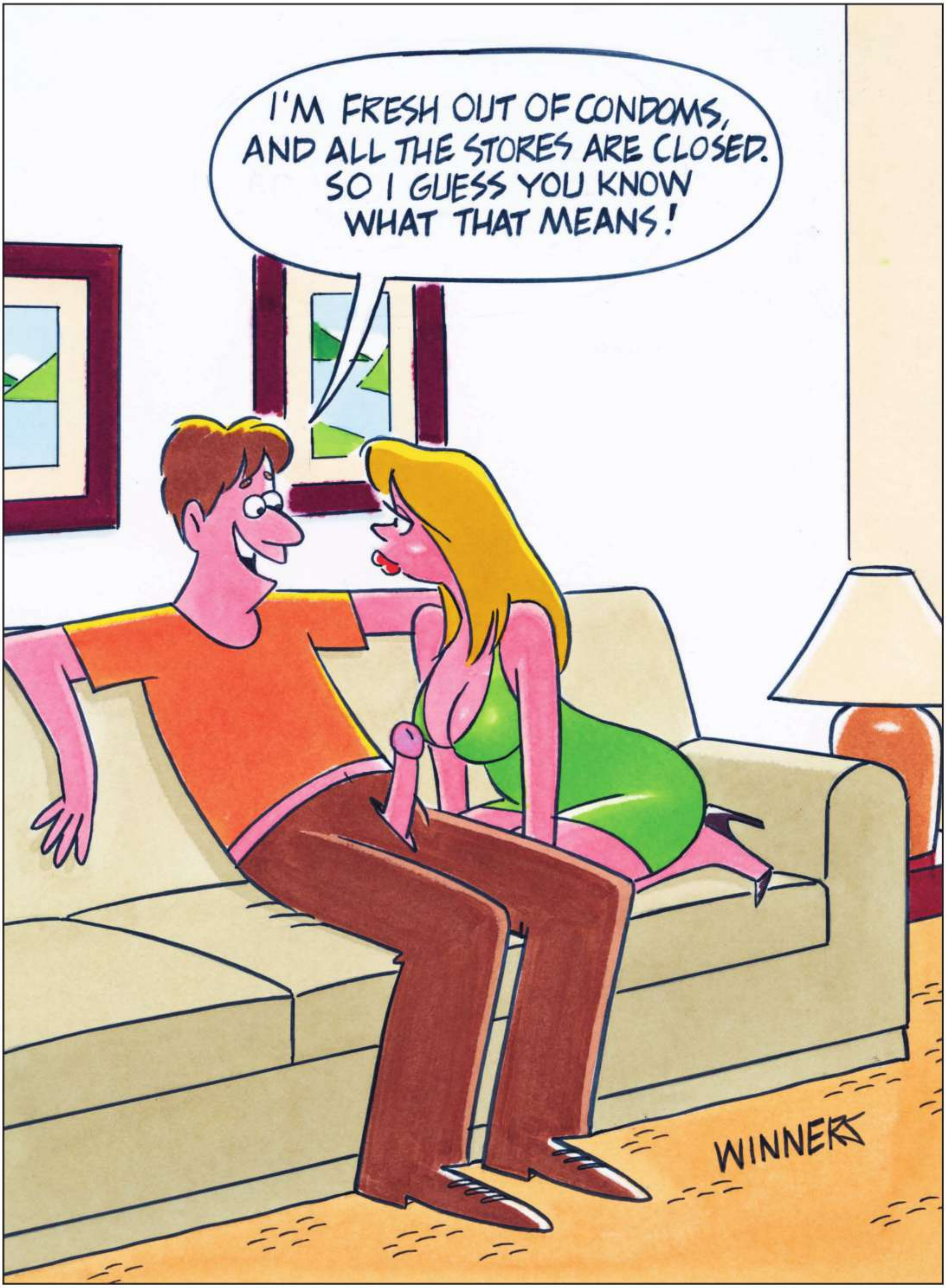
With a Supreme Court hell-bent on enabling rather than preventing corruption, a corrupt Congress possessed of a lower public-approval rating than King George in the time of the revolution and a President unable or unwilling to challenge that corruption, now is such a time. I stood up, spoke out and went to jail. I did so with little expectation that it would move the Court but with hope that it would inspire the voices of people who believe that our votes—not the unprecedented power of unlimited dollars from billionaires and corporations—should determine our common future.

Indeed, one man's action is far from enough. But like the abolitionists, the suffragists and the civil-rights workers who defended and extended democracy before us, we can use the power of nonviolent civil resistance on a massive scale to win the central democratic fight of our time: passing Constitutional and legislative reform that separates wealth and state, banishes big money from our politics and puts our government firmly and solely in the hands of the People.

This is the mission of 99Rise (**99Rise.org**), the organization I helped to found, which is gaining new supporters and leaders across the country every day. For us, the only acceptable response to the outrage of our Supreme Court deciding that a billionaire’s money is his inviolable political voice is this: a commitment to build a mass nonviolent movement that will make our voices impossible to ignore. **H**



“Please, Dad, don’t be angry! I did not say that all conservatives are stupid people. I said that most stupid people are conservatives!”


I'M FRESH OUT OF CONDOMS, AND ALL THE STORES ARE CLOSED. SO I GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!
WINNERS

NEVERENDING PANTY RAID

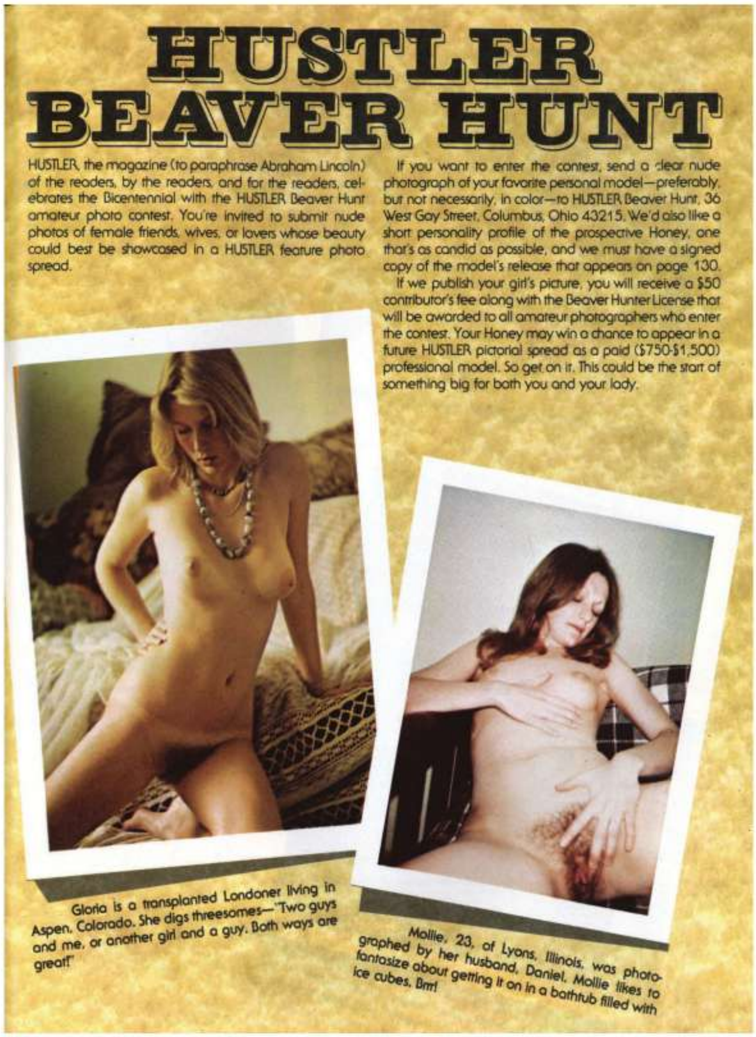
BY MORGEN"TEX" HAGEN

It was inevitable that a rambunctious college freshman's future livelihood would entail pussy galore.

Attaining the dubious distinction of old fart ain't bad if it means putting in 37 years at an extraordinary workplace. So kudos to Lady Luck, karma or an omni-unpresent deity's master plan. I started out with a typewriter and proofreader's non-repro-blue pen. Now, just like any 21st-century office schmoe, I have a computer, but mine is loaded with photos of past, current and future *Beaver Hunt* models. "I hope to be in your magazine," a bare-ass hottie scrawled on the pic that catches my eye whenever I start getting woozy staring at my Mac.

From what I reckon, adding HUSTLER to my life story wasn't a matter of if, only when. Thumb through a copy of *Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*, an indispensable tool in academia and journalism. It defines *predestination* as "the doctrine that God in consequence of his foreknowledge of all events infallibly guides those who are destined for salvation." >>

MORGEN “TEX” HAGEN WITH CHERRY FERRETTI IN 2009 AND, LEFT, TEX AT WORK CIRCA 1985



HUSTLER BEAVER HUNT

HUSTLER, the magazine (to paraphrase Abraham Lincoln) of the readers, by the readers, and for the readers, celebrates the Bicentennial with the HUSTLER Beaver Hunt amateur photo contest. You're invited to submit nude photos of female friends, wives, or lovers whose beauty could best be showcased in a HUSTLER feature photo spread.

If you want to enter the contest, send a clear nude photograph of your favorite personal model—preferably, but not necessarily, in color—to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. We'd also like a short personality profile of the prospective Honey, one that's as candid as possible, and we must have a signed copy of the model's release that appears on page 130.

If we publish your girl's picture, you will receive a $50 contributor's fee along with the Beaver Hunter License that will be awarded to all amateur photographers who enter the contest. Your Honey may win a chance to appear in a future HUSTLER pictorial spread as a paid ($750-$1,500) professional model. So get on it. This could be the start of something big for both you and your lady.

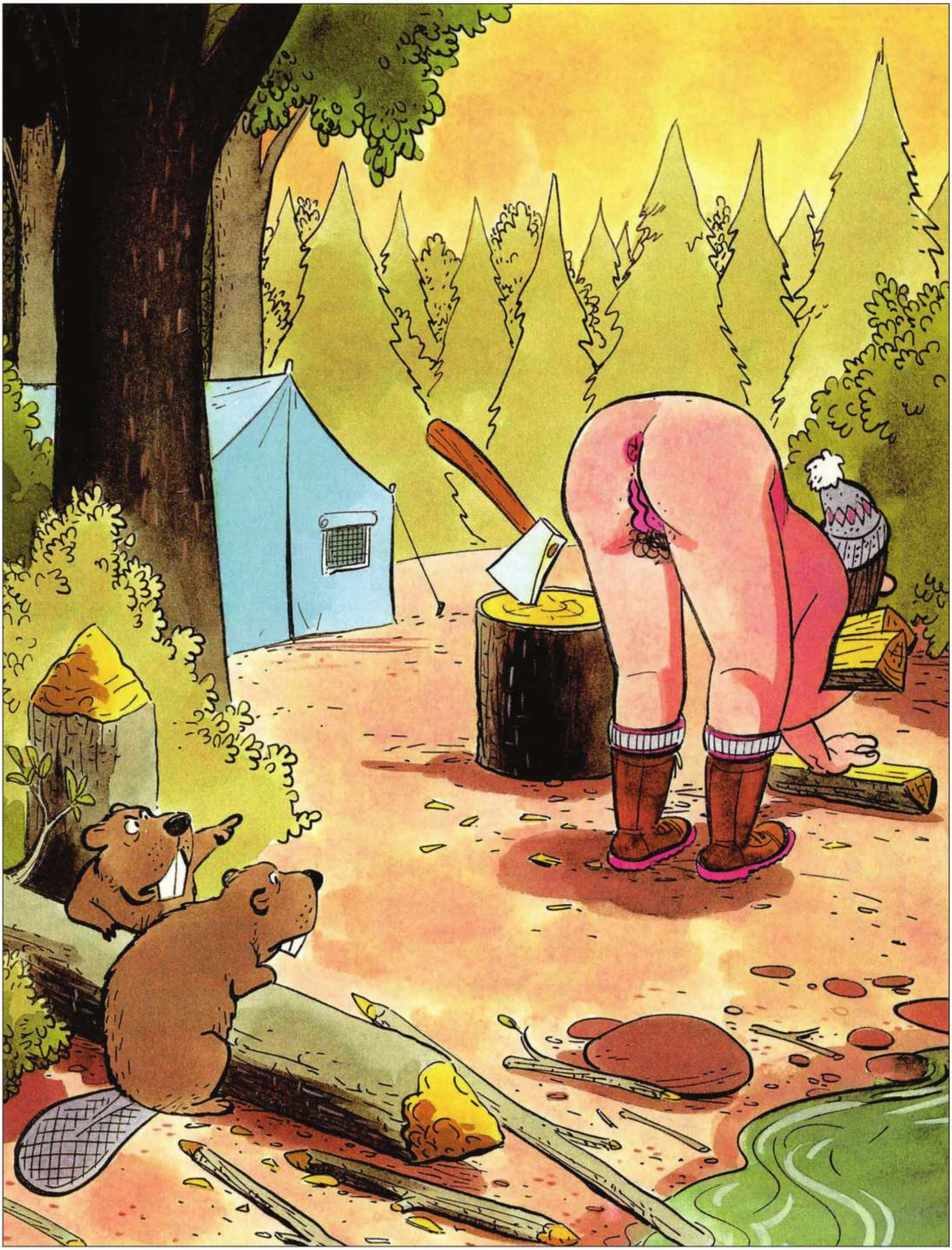
Gloria is a transplanted Londoner living in Aspen, Colorado. She digs threesomes—"Two guys and me, or another girl and a guy. Both ways are great!"

Mollie, 23, of Lyons, Illinois, was photographed by her husband, Daniel. Mollie likes to fantasize about getting it on in a bathtub filled with ice cubes. Brrr!

19
76

BEAVER HUNT DEBUTS IN THE JULY ISSUE, A MILESTONE EVENT IN AMERICA'S BICENTENNIAL YEAR.

READERS' FAVE '03 BEAVER VICKY VETTE AND, LEFT, DECEMBER '13 NEWBIE LEENA LOVELY



"I think it's a cheap shot. We don't look anything like that!"

SISSY AKA "THE TEXAS TUNNEL," JANUARY '90; TEX AND MISTY, MAY '09; AND CHARLOTTE, AUGUST '76

My salvation—being a low-profile staffer at a high-profile publication—began sprouting in 1964 when I was a freshman at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas. Marijuana, LSD and hockey concussions—not to mention Father Time—ultimately rendered stretches of Memory Lane a tad foggy, but I'll never forget a pep rally for SMU's football team that morphed into a panty raid.

Talk about a humdinger in the annals of college pranks. Before the soon-to-bud sexual revolution and mixed dormitories, male students would gather outside the living quarters of female students to do something more macho than sing their school's fight song or beg the girls to toss them intimate articles of clothing. The throng would attempt to storm the premises in order to plunder gals' panties as trophies of a mission accomplished.

AJA' CHACHANHSY, APRIL '13

I only got to blunder. I couldn't get my entire body through a Boaz Hall window, just my head, enough misbehavior to wind up in a dean's office for a reprimand. I'll forever wonder if my intended destination was the dorm room of Laura Lane Welch, who was also in SMU's Class of '68. She'd go on to marry George W. Bush and live in the White House for eight years. I'd marry a pap-smear technician who didn't stick around very long. I have an inkling she and her hundred pairs of shoes left me for another woman.

I did manage to get my foot in the door at HUSTLER despite what its personnel director wrote on October 4, 1976. His courteous rejection letter now looks over my shoulder as I work: "Permit me to thank you for your interest and to wish you much success in your future endeavors." By April 1977 my "future endeavors" were defined. I was hired as a temp until HUSTLER's move from Columbus, Ohio, to Southern California the following January. When an editor witnessed a woman drowning during his lunch break, he abruptly resigned, and I was invited to fill his shoes.

I've worn many hats during my long run, but being copy chief stands out. I was the editor who recast sentences with dangling participles and decided that *blowjob* be spelled as one word, not two. Of course, my all-time favorite job has been shepherding submissions to *Beaver Hunt*. No need to pilfer coeds' panties anymore.

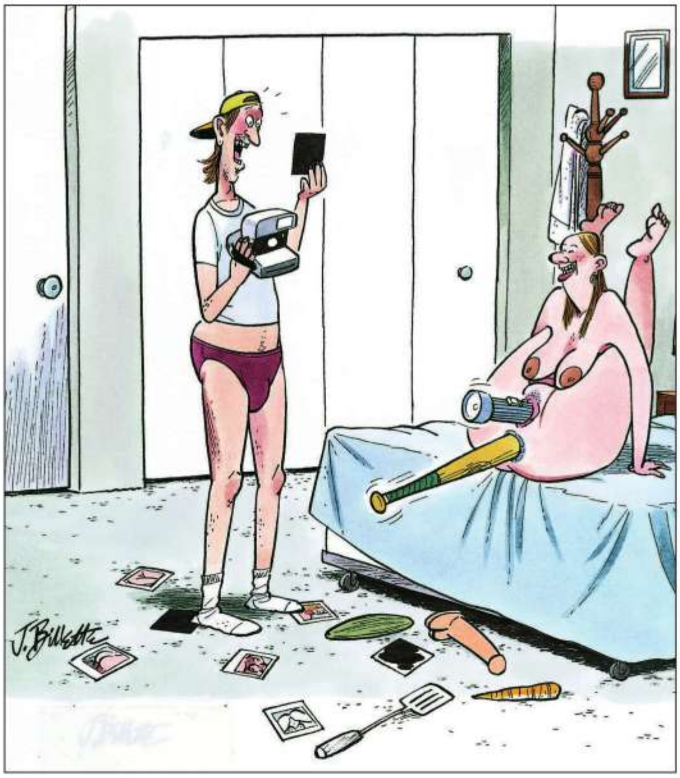
Every morning my inbox is stacked with envelopes containing nude photos of gorgeous, garden-variety and ghastly girls-next-door. Most are just eager to show off their private parts—and make some spending money to boot—while a handful have gone on to fame in the skin biz. *Beaver Hunt*'s star alumnae include Aria Giovanni, Vicky Vette, Cherry Ferretti and Aryana Augustine.

Readers have praised HUSTLER's amateur roundup since its July 1976 debut. Danny Trejo from the *Machete* flicks gave it a celebrity plug in the January '12 issue: "I remember when HUSTLER first came out, I used to love *Beaver Hunt*. Those models are just people you meet on the street; not a lot of airbrushing going on there. It's just like, 'Here I am!'"

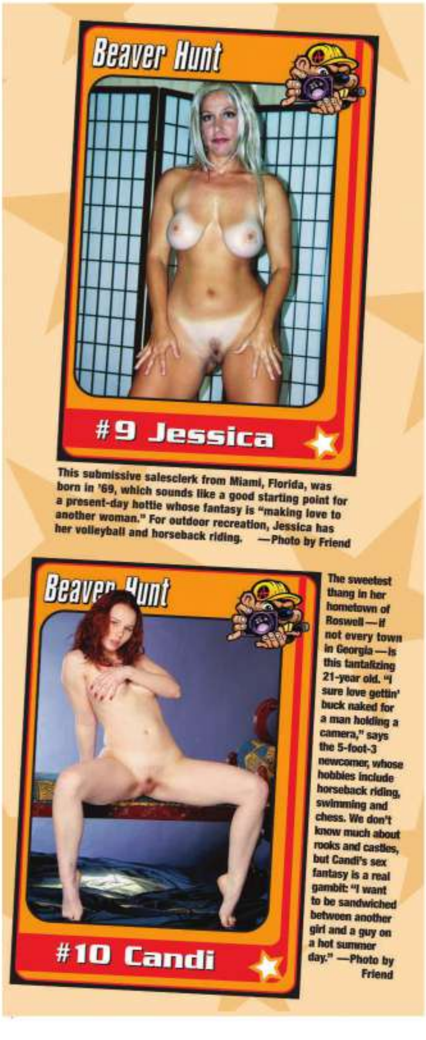
I can't count the number of times I've heard guys say, "I wish I had your job." They're no doubt thinking HUSTLER editors get to hang 24/7 with ambitious lookers, avowed nymphomaniacs and ditzy chicks who just got off the turnip truck. I'll admit to "befriending" a who's who of amorous hotties. My secret? Being a nice guy with a paycheck, country-boy charm and sense of humor. I'm always down to bolster my reputation as the Jacques Cousteau of muff-divers. >>

FIRST MOTHER-DAUGHTER BEAVER DUO
JULIET AND CHARISSA, NOVEMBER '06

Unlike Larry Flynt, I have never run for office despite being nicknamed "The Congressman" by a former colleague. It was a tribute to my omnipresent American-flag necktie. Years later another tribute came during a visit to Morgantown, Indiana. Amber (a Beaver along with her twin sister Angela and mom) appointed me the hole-in-the-wall's honorary mayor. >>



"Oh, cool. We gotta send this one to Beaver Hunt!"



Beaver Hunt

#9 Jessica

This submissive salesclerk from Miami, Florida, was born in '69, which sounds like a good starting point for a present-day hottie whose fantasy is "making love to another woman." For outdoor recreation, Jessica has her volleyball and horseback riding. —Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt

#10 Candi

The sweetest thang in her hometown of Roswell—if not every town in Georgia—is this tantalizing 21-year old. "I sure love gettin' buck naked for a man holding a camera," says the 5-foot-3 newcomer, whose hobbies include horseback riding, swimming and chess. We don't know much about rooks and castles, but Candi's sex fantasy is a real gambit: "I want to be sandwiched between another girl and a guy on a hot summer day." —Photo by Friend

If I had toiled for a newspaper in the boonies, tended bar or ventured into politics, I would have missed out on some incredible experiences. Being employed by Larry Flynt, the most fearless and dynamic publisher in history, tops my list. How else would I have peered at more vaginas than a veteran gynecologist? Or shot the shit with zany Dr. Timothy Leary (the '60s acid guru). Or played poker with actor Dennis Hopper and wordsmith Terry Southern, whose erotic novel *Candy* glorified the term *honeypot*, a catchy alternative to *pussy*. Or nabbed an extra gig in *The People vs. Larry Flynt*.

Before filming commenced, Larry and Woody Harrelson—who'd portray HUSTLER's kingpin in the biopic—dropped by my office one morning. The star of *Natural Born Killers* and a shitload of movies didn't seem to want my job. And how's this for a fascinating twist? Woody and my old classmate Laura Lane Welch were both born in Midland, Texas.

I came onboard when Larry Flynt's brainstorm was still in diapers. Now it's the big daddy of hardcore. I'm truly blessed. Dreamboats' panties dangle from my office hat rack, I became *Beaver Hunt*'s keeper of the flame, and I stuck around long enough to write a retrospective with the kicker "Happy 40th Anniversary, HUSTLER!"

CLOWNFACED BLONDIE, APRIL '85; SISTERS AMBER AND ANGELA, DECEMBER '10; AND KEIRA IN HER WINNING HOLIDAY '07 SPREAD

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

CHLOE ADDISON

You got a small taste of *Beaver Hunt* lore. Now for some fresh faces. Larry Flynt hails from Kentucky, and so does this hale-and-hearty newcummer. "HUSTLER is big time," says Louisville resident Chloe Addison, 21. "I can look back in 30 years and know that I was hot enough to make it in a big-time magazine. I've been told I'm quite the little firecracker." Is she ever. "My sex life is amazing," the 5-foot-0 Dallas Cowboys and *Breaking Bad* fan boasts. "In bed I *love* doggy and being dominated. I'm mostly straight, but I like to play with girls too. An orgasm a day keeps the doctor away!" No wonder college grad Chloe—a former Hooters girl whose favorite pastimes include drinking Jim Beam, riding horses and reading—is breaking into porn. "Wow!" she exclaims. "It's the best job ever, having sex for a living! So y'all go follow my Twitter. Keep up with all of my sexiness. I'm constantly tweeting, and I love hearing from my fans." *—Photos by Fantastic Images*

"I have a sexual fantasy with Ian Somerhalder and Ryan Gosling tying me up and doing what they want with me."

Twitter: @ChloeAddisonXXX

FOXXY ROXXXY

"I'm a down-to-earth, easy-to-get-along-with, bisexual Southern belle," announces this 5-foot-1 MILF from Waco, Texas. "But I can be a dingbat at times." Just not when she's tantalizing strip-club patrons, lovers or HUSTLER readers. "I'm 30 years old and had four babies and still got a rockin'-hot body," Foxxy Roxxxy raves. "Why not share it with the world?" Besides being a devoted mom, Foxxy's filled her world with Facebooking, shopping, the *Twilight* books, dubstep music and a positive outlook: "I'm always wearing a smile. Life is too short to walk around with a frown on your face. Live, love, laugh!" And get laid! On that note, Foxxy confides, "I'm a freak. I love bend-me-over-a-sink quickies, anal—omigod, the orgasms are amazing when it's done right!—and the rush of having sex in front of other people. No matter what I'm doing, I work my ass off!" *—Photos by Ron Neumann*

"My fantasy is to make a wild orgy even wilder."

KATIE

Now punching her ticket as a spanking-new Beaver is this "fun to be with" movie-theater cashier out of Anaheim, California. "My fantasy was to pose for naughty pics, and I did it!" squeals Katie, 18, an ex-cheerleader whose tushy looks very spankable. But when it's time to be naughty, the 5-foot-2 dirt-biking buff isn't up for rosy ass cheeks: "I love having my nipples pinched, sucked on, bitten or all of the above. And I love making out while a guy's crotch rubs up against my vagina. I'll come in my panties before he can take them off." That doesn't mean Katie's still a virgin. She's very fuckable, especially in her favorite position: "I like to be on the bottom." *—Photos by Kickback Productions*

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* and *Real College Girls* showcases want you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth up to $2,500. All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* or *RCG* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the form below and provide requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

EXTRA BUCKS FOR BUSH!

MODEL RELEASE/SUBMISSION FORM

To participate, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send a signed original (or legible photocopy) of this entire Model Release/Submission Form and a legible COLOR PHOTOCOPY of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card (with photo, date of birth and signature), and a legible COLOR PHOTO OF YOU HOLDING THIS COMPLETED MODEL RELEASE/SUBMISSION FORM AND GOVERNMENT-ISSUED IDENTIFICATION DOCUMENT. All submissions must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All submissions become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to the photos you submit. Send photos, identification and this Form with all information and signatures requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary. **Open to residents of U.S. and Canada only.**

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published   Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth   Model's Social Security number   Occupation

Telephone (include area code)   Personal e-mail address

Address

City   State   Zip

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

Real College Girls applicants: check box below.

☐

Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide this release)   Date (month/date/year)

In consideration of the payment of $250 for photographs, I grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns, all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, display, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet Web site and/or transmission, or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as LFP Publishing Group, LLC may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

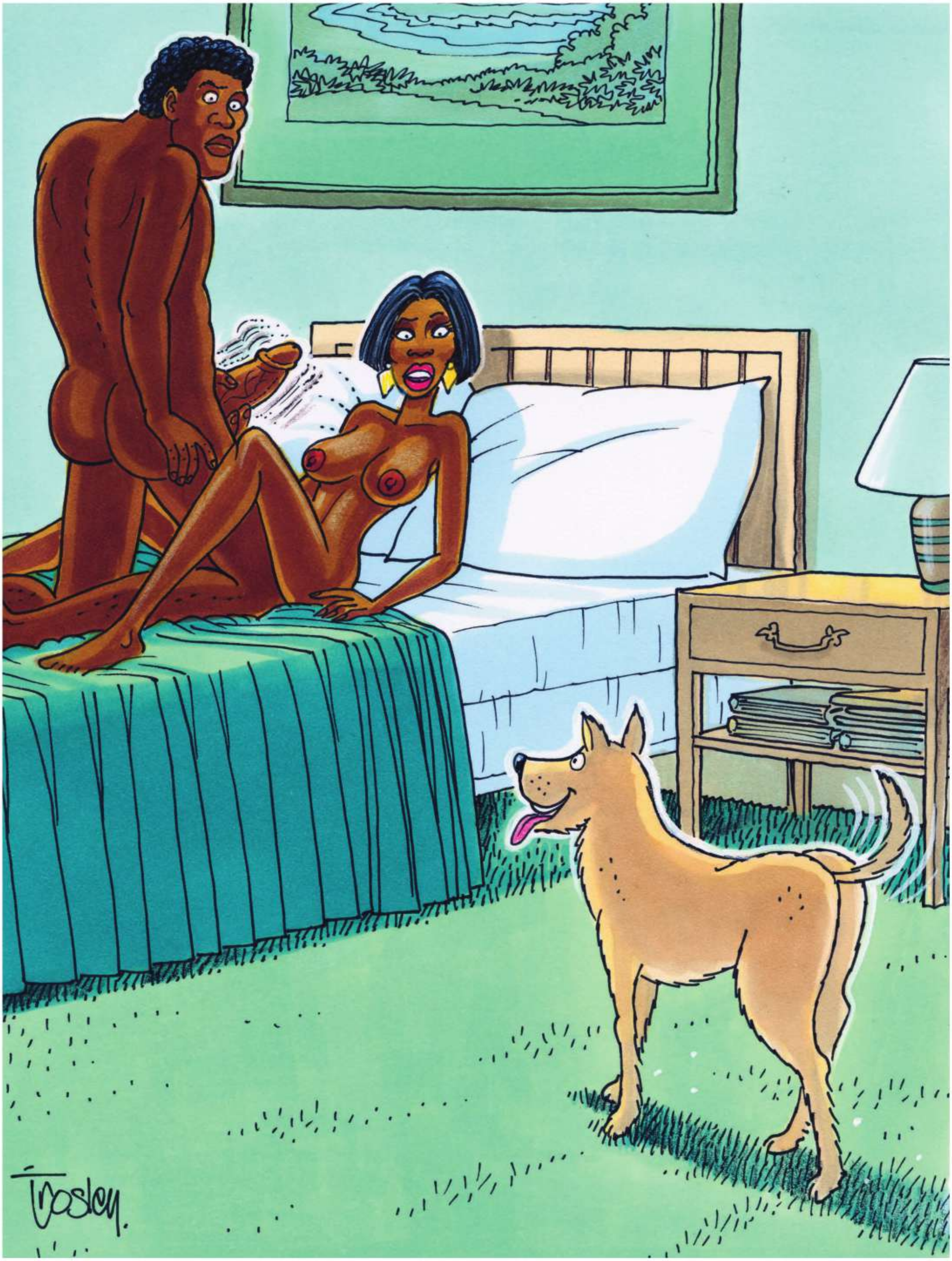
AMATEUR MODEL'S PHOTOGRAPHER:

(PRINT NAME, ADDRESS, TELEPHONE NUMBER OR EMAIL ADDRESS LEGIBLY IN BLOCK LETTERS)

I declare that I am the sole photographer of the Image(s) submitted herewith; I own all intellectual property rights, including the copyrights, in the Image(s); I submit the Image(s) for consideration for publication in HUSTLER Magazine. If any Image(s) so submitted are published in HUSTLER Magazine, and are posted on the BeaverHunt.com Internet Web site operated by LFP Internet Group, LLC, or its affiliates, licensees or assigns, then I hereby grant worldwide reproduction, exhibition and display rights in all media and in perpetuity in all Images so submitted, published or posted, including the right to alter or edit said Images, to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns.

Photographer's legal signature   Date (month/date/year)

Note: Payment sent to model only.



"Don't wave it around so much. He thinks you're throwing a stick."

> “My uncles were the first ones to let everyone know that I was in porn, as they opened up their fresh issues of HUSTLER and found my smiling face with a dick in my ass.”

HOW HUSTLER TURNED ME
White Trash

BY ORIANA SMALL AKA ASHLEY BLUE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE NAZ

Twelve years ago I had the privilege of getting my boyfriend to fuck my ass in the middle of a desert, on top of some abandoned auto debris. That was my introduction into HUSTLER Magazine. Thanks to that assfuck in Palmdale, I never had to have that awkward conversation with any of my born-again Christian family members. My uncles were the first ones to let everyone know that I was in porn, as they opened up their fresh issues of HUSTLER and found my smiling face with a dick in my ass. The news spread quickly throughout the most devout sects of relatives that I have. And they prayed for me. That's how deeply and personally connected I feel with this magazine.

HUSTLER is something a porn girl is proud to be in. Being the object of desire, laid out in full color, spread upon glossy sheets of erotic print is an honor.

I'm not the only girl who feels this way. When I asked my peers, they were all gushing with praise. Bonnie Rotten, reigning AVN Female Performer of the Year and owner of production company Mental Beauty, had this to say: “HUSTLER Mag was actually my first goal in this industry! My dream was to shoot a layout for HUSTLER, which, funny enough, was the reason I came/stayed in L.A. in the very beginning of my career in porn. I love HUSTLER. They are great and such a fun company to work with! Happy anniversary, HUSTLER and Larry! Congratulations for being the source of dirty fun for all these years.”

Porn star, model and host of the podcast *Bedisland*, Kristina Rose has always felt the love

ASHLEY BLUE'S HUSTLER DEBUT, FEBRUARY '03, PHOTO BY MATTI KLATT

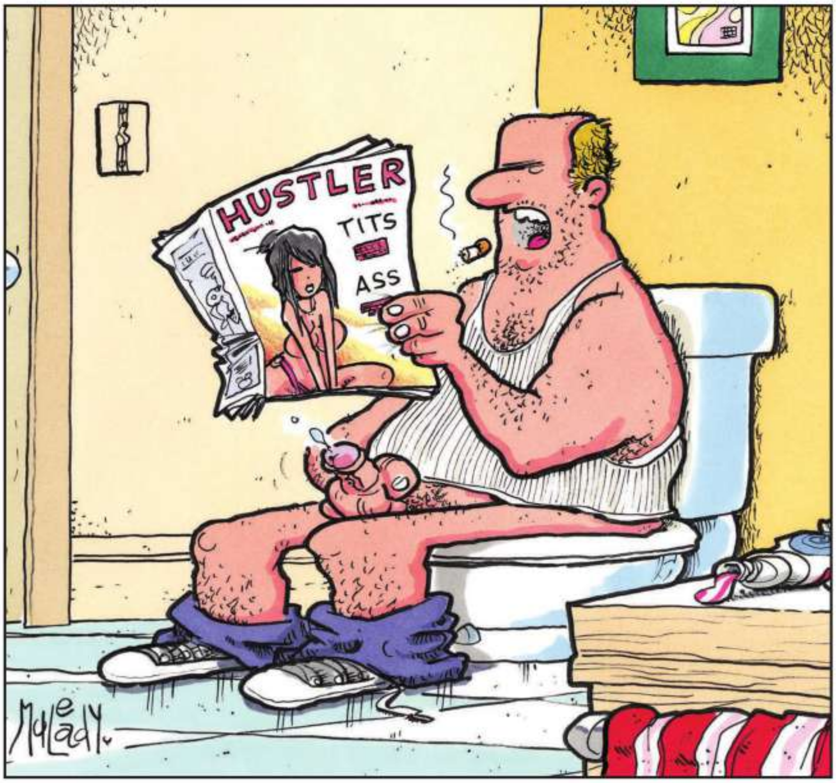
INTO THE MOST FAMOUS *Whore* IN MY FAMILY

from HUSTLER: "I feel so blessed to have been in so many HUSTLER projects. They're classy and raunchy at the same time. Always on trend with what's actually going on in porn today."

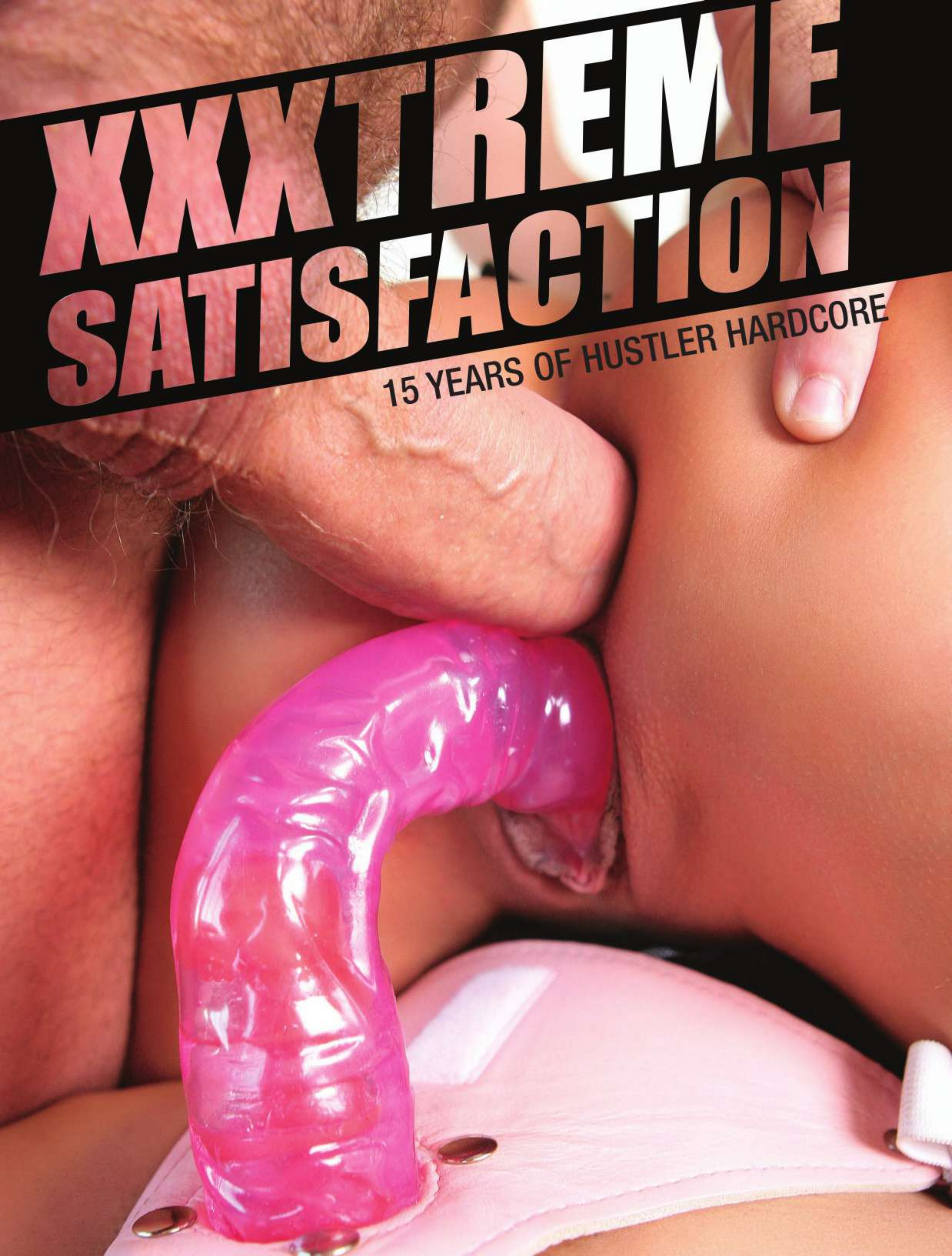
AVN's BBW Performer of the Year, April Flores is a strong supporter as well: "HUSTLER has always been at the forefront of sexuality and current times. It continues to showcase beauty and raw power, and that's what sex is all about."

My collaborator, photographer and former adult actress Gia Jordan seconds my opinion: "HUSTLER is iconic. What other magazine discovers the prettiest new girls and still bucks at societal norms?"

Don't ever feel bad about jerking your cock off to us. This is what female empowerment looks like. It's hot, courageous and seductive. Thank you, HUSTLER, from all the girls who you've helped to sexually liberate!



"Call me old-fashioned, but I think a guy should beat his meat staring at a girlie mag and not some fucking laptop."



XXXTREME SATISFACTION

15 YEARS OF HUSTLER HARDCORE

19
99

AFTER THE SUCCESS OF HIS HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD STORES, FLYNT FURTHER EXPANDS HIS EMPIRE, LAUNCHING A VIDEO DIVISION AND, SOON AFTER, THE HUSTLER CASINO AND HUSTLER CLUBS.

ANASTASIA BLUE KICKSTARTS HUSTLER VIDEO WITH *BARELY LEGAL #1*, AND IN 2007 HILLARY SCOTT (ABOVE) SPARKS THE PORN PARODY WAVE IN *NOT THE BRADYS XXX*.

BORN IN '74, SAME YEAR AS HUSTLER, AN UNKNOWN JENNA JAMESON WAS BARELY LEGAL'S JANUARY '95 COVERGIRL (ABOVE). BY APRIL '03 (RIGHT) SHE WAS A XXX SUPERSTAR.

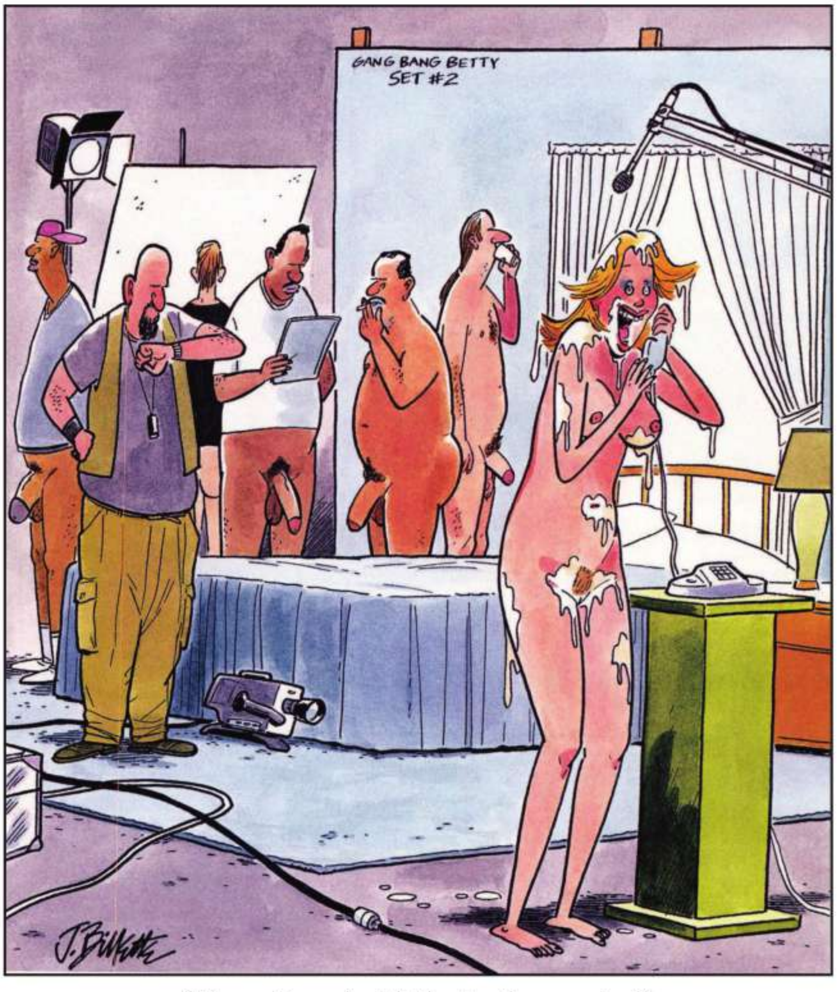
MOONLIGHTING AS HUSTLER'S *DEAR SLUT* COLUMNIST, '90s RAUNCH QUEEN JEANNA FINE WENT FROM BLOND BOMBSHELL IN MAY '88 (TOP LEFT) TO VOLUPTUOUS VIXEN IN NOVEMBER '91 (LEFT).

JUELZ VENTURA BLOWS UP 3D IN *THIS AIN'T AVATAR XXX*, 2010; JADA FIRE STUNS IN *THIS AIN'T STAR TREK XXX*, 2009.

20 04 AS HUSTLER TV KICKS OFF, THE COMPANY'S VIDEO DIVISION PLANTS THE SEEDS OF BREAKOUT TRENDS WITH THE EARLIEST ALT-PORN AND PORN-PARODY HITS.

KEIKO IN ALT-PORN FIRST *ART SCHOOL SLUTS*

CLASSIC CARTOON, PUBLISHED JULY '02

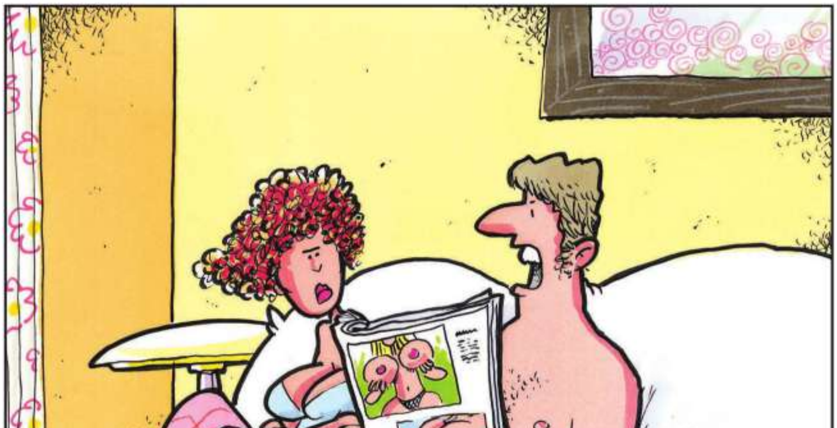


"Mom, I made it! I'm in the movies!"

VAL MIDWEST SPEAKS FREELY IN THE HOLIDAY '13 HUSTLER.

2013

NAKED NEWSMAKERS VAL MIDWEST, VICTORIA JAMES AND, IN 2014, BELLE KNOX POSE NUDE IN HUSTLER EXCLUSIVES, BLENDING BEAUTY WITH BRAZEN FREE SPEECH.



"Masturbating to porn isn't cheating. Saying 'I do' at our wedding and finding out you don't is cheating."

ALEXIS TEXAS AND, RIGHT, LISA ANN'S HIT 2008 TURN AS SARAH PALIN

THE TITLE GIRL LICKS ALL COMERS IN *MISTY STONE SUPERSTAR*, 2012.

ROXY DEVILLE (TOP) GETS GOTHIC IN *THIS AIN'T THE MUNSTERS XXX*, 2008; SPENCER SCOTT REIGNS IN *THIS AIN'T GAME OF THRONES XXX*, 2014; AND *THIS AIN'T STAR TREK XXX*, 2009, PUTS SASHA GREY INTO WARP DRIVE.

20
14

THANKS TO OUR LOYAL FAN BASE, HUSTLER ROLLS INTO ITS 41ST YEAR, SPREADING ITS UNIQUE BLEND OF PUSSY AND PATRIOTISM INTO THE DIGITAL BEYOND.

ARIA
GIOVANNI

BOMBSHELL DISCOVERY

ARIA'S DEBUT APPEARANCE IN *BEAVER HUNT* JUNE 2000

20
00

HUSTLER UNLEASHES 22-YEAR-OLD STUNNER ARIA GIOVANNI, WHO WILL SOON SKYROCKET TO FAME AS ONE OF PORN'S ICONIC GODDESSES.

THE READERS VOTE, AND ARIA RETURNS AS HUSTLER'S 2000 *BEAVER HUNT* GRAND PRIZE WINNER.

AS A REIGNING PORN QUEEN, ARIA SIZZLES WITH JELENA JENSEN IN MAY ’08.

COMING SOON

BEWARE THE RIFF RAFF

Hip-hop's neon badass chills in a hot tub with a pair of stripped naked surf chicks and raps on his measure of success (mostly "money and bitches").

VEGAS VAG!

Our photographers once again invade hotel rooms and porn-star hideouts during the annual AVN Award blowout in Sin City. Forget the red carpet. We go deep for pink!

WATCH PORN, GET PUSSY

Need we say more? No, except for this: Major league porn goddess Alexis Texas turns a bunch of statistics about hardcore and sex habits into the hottest story on the planet.

BANG THE MAID!

What has more suction than a new vacuum? You guessed it! Devious dolls Missy Martinez, Cameron Dee and Katie Summers embody your filthiest feather-duster fantasies. Who says you can't get good help?

GIGI
ALLENS

THE SEPTEMBER '14 ISSUE GOES ON SALE JULY 8, 2014 | VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM